

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE
POETIC WORKS

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
LORD VISCOUNT STORMONT,
BARON OF SCOON AND BALVAIRD,
KNIGHT OF THE MOST ANCIENT ORDER OF THE THISTLE,
AND
LORD JUSTICE GENERAL OF SCOTLAND,
THE SECOND VOLUME
OF THIS EDITION OF
POPE'S POETICAL WORKS
IS,
WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST OBLIGED
AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANTS,
A. FOULIS, AND A. TILLOCH.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

LORD VISCOUNT STORMONT

BARON OF SEEDON AND WALSLEY

KNIGHT OF THE MOST ANCIENT ORDER OF THE BATH

AND

LORD JUSTICE CHIEF OF SEEDON

THE SECOND VOLUME

OF THE HISTORY OF

THE POLITICAL WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD VISCOUNT STORMONT

BY

JOHN GORDON

AND JOHN GORDON

A. HODGKIN & CO.

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TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

VOL. II.

A

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR, THE

MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM

CHAUCER.

YANQUAND MAY

WILLIAM H. HALL

WILLIAM H. HALL

JANUARY AND MAY:

O R, T H E

M E R C H A N T'S T A L E.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wife and worthy Knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,

Once, e'er he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:

Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wife these scandalous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try, say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

8 JANUARY AND MAY. v.65.

A wife! ah gentle deities, can he
 That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
 His father's blessing from an elder son:
 Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
 At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
 Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
 Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
 And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
 Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
 His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
 To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
 But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he
 (As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look
 Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
 Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
 And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;

How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
 In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
 But gracious Heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,
 With due regret I view my vices past,
 And, as the precept of the church decrees,
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
 But since by counsel all things should be done,
 And many heads are wiser still than one;
 Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
 When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
 To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
 There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
 In that cold season Love but treats his guest
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
 No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
 Those are too wise for bachelors to wed;
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade;
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.
 Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost, for which I wed;
 To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.
 Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
 Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
 May live like saints, by Heav'n's consent and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
 My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
 And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
 Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
 These rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
 Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
 The vital sap then rising from below:
 Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
 Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.

Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
 Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in different parts divide;
 The knotty point was urg'd on either side:
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
 There fell between his brothers a debate,
 Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
 Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
 But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
 As still I hold your own advice the best.

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.

Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
 My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
 A noble fool was never in a fault.
 This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
 Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
 At least, your courage all the world must praise,
 Who dare to wed in your declining days.
 Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
 And let gray fools be indolently good,
 Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With rev'rend dullness and grave impotence.

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
 Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author, of the first degree,
 (Who, tho' not faith, had sense as well as we)
 Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
 To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
 The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
 To give your person than your goods away:

And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
 First learn your lady's qualities, at least:
 Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;
 Meek as a faint, or haughty as the devil;
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
 Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
 'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
 In all this world, much less in woman-kind;
 But if her virtues prove the larger share,
 Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
 Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
 And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
 Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear:
 While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
 Demure and chaste as any Vestal nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
 But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
 And he that smarts has reason to complain.
 Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:

But at these years, to venture on the fair!
 By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call,
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chafest you can chuse
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end.

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
 Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wife!
 We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
 To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:---
 What does my friend, my dear Placebo say?

I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the man's to blame,
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this the council rose, without delay;
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
 With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
 The Knight should marry, when, and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
 The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:
 Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possess,
 And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;

While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
 And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
 Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
 A mirrour shews the figures moving by;
 Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
 The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
 This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
 But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
 That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest;
 And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
 Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
 Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
 And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
 Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an end.
 Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed:

Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future blifs.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, tho' not rich; and, tho' not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please;
To pass my age in sanctity and ease:
And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my blifs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft' I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The blifs of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchange'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;

And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,
That ere the rites are o'er you may repent!
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One that may do your bus'ness to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have int'rest ever in their eye.

Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
 When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
 The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout intent:
 Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife
 Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
 Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
 And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
 The guests appear in order, side by side,
 And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride. }
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
 The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
 Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
 Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
 Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
 Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
 (So poets sing) was present on the place:
 And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
 Shook high her flaming torch in open fight,
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry knight:
 Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
 No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
 Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
 Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
 For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
 Think not your softest numbers can display
 The matchless glories of this blissful day:
 The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
 When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
 And darted am'rous glances at her lord.
 Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
 E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king:
 Bright as the rising sun in summer's day,
 And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
 Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:

Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
 Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
 Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r
 To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
 Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
 And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
 With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place,
 And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
 Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
 His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
 There let him lie; till his relenting dame
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
 Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;
 While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
 Then rose the guests; and as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess:
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
 Which grave physicians scruple not to give;
 Satyrion near, with hot eringoes stood,
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
 Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
 And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
 The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
 What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
 Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
 As all were nothing he had done by night;
 And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
 He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
 And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
 Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
 For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
 Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
 The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.

Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
 Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
 Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
 He wrapp'd in filk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
 ('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun)
 Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
 The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
 High mafs was fung; they feasted in the hall;
 The servants round stood ready at their call.
 The Squire alone was absent from the board,
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
 Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
 Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
 The female tribe furround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sat the gentle May:
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
 With secret vows to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay:

The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
 Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
 What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
 Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
 Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
 Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
 Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
 Shed its selectest influence from above;
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
 Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
 And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
 Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
 Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
 The poor adorer sure had hang'd or drown'd:
 But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd
 Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind:
 Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
 Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;

For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
 Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
 His house was stately, his retinue gay,
 Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
 His spacious garden made to yield to none,
 Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
 Priapus could not half describe the grace
 (Tho' god of gardens) of this charming place:
 A place to tire the rambling wits of France
 In long descriptions, and exceed romance;
 Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
 Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
 A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
 The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
 About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
 The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue;
 Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
 While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
 And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft' repair,
 (His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)

For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
 To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat;
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
 Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.
 For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure,
 How short a space our worldly joys endure?
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
 This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
 For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
 Abridg'd her pleasures and confin'd her sway.

Full oft' in tears did hapless May complain,
 And sigh'd full oft'; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye,
 For oh! 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain:
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
 Tho' they could see as far as ships can fail?
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
 Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
 She took the wards in wax before the fire,
 And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
 By means of this some wonder shall appear,
 Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
 What flight is that which love will not explore?
 And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
 Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
 They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray;
 It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
 Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play;
 He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
 And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
 Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
 Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
 And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
 The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
 The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
 Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
 To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:

Secret, and undescry'd he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I chuse, by Heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;

And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love:
 Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
 Displays his light, by Heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
 And will perform, by this---my dear, and this---
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them my own unequal age,
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms?

He ceas'd; and May with modest grace reply'd;
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd:)
 Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
 I have a soul to save as well as you;
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,
 My dearest honour, will to death defend.
 To you in holy church I gave my hand,
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
 Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear:

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
 And let me hence to hell alive descend;
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;
 Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the honour of my race.
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:
 Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?
 These doubts and fears of female constancy!
 This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
 Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she past:
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
 And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
 'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
 And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
 And, climbing, in the summit took his place;
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
 Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
 His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run;
 And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
 To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
 Clear was the day, and Phoebus, rising bright,
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
 And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
 The fairies sported on the garden-side,
 And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
 So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
 The knights so nimbly o'er the greenfword bound,
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
 The dances ended, all the fairy train
 For pinks and daiesies search'd the flow'ry plain;
 While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
 Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The treachery you women use to man:
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
 A wiser monarch never saw the sun:

All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
 For sagely hast thou said: Of all mankind,
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
 But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
 The son of Sirach testifies no less.

So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
 Or some devouring plague consume you all;
 As well you view the leacher in the tree,
 And well this honourable Knight you see:
 But since he's blind and old (a helpless case)
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
 And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
 That in my presence offers such a wrong.
 I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
 And in the very act restore his sight:
 And set the strumpet here in open view,
 A warning to these ladies, and to you,
 And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?

By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
 That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone
 Who only Is, and is but only One.
 But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
 By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
 What tho' this king (as ancient story boasts)
 Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts;
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
 And did as much for idol gods, or more.
 Beware what lavish praises you confer
 On a rank leacher and idolater;
 Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
 David, the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
 By Heav'n those authors are our sex's foes,
 Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,

That this much-injur'd Knight again should see;
 It must be done---I am a King, said he,
 And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said)---I am a Queen:
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain,
 And to the Knight our story turns again;
 Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
 Sung merrier than the cuckow or the jay:
 This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be,
 "Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
 By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her love
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods! she cry'd,
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side!
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
 Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!
 Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!

Sore figh'd the Knight to hear his lady's cry,
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
 Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
 What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
 And must I languish then, she said, and die,
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
 At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
 With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
 She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
 'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
 Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
 What feats the lady in the tree might do,
 I pass, as gambols never known to you;
 But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
 Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.

Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
 But when he saw his bosom-wife so drest,
 His rage was such as cannot be exprest:
 Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
 Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
 I thought your patience had been better try'd:
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
 This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,
 By struggling with a man upon a tree?
 Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight)
 So Heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
 Whor'd by my slave---perfidious wretch! may hell
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
 Pray Heav'n, this magic work the proper way!

Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
 So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
 For by th' immortal pow'rs it seem'd too plain.---

By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?

Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!

She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,

The ready tears apace began to flow,

And as they fell she wip'd from either eye

The drops, (for women when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd:

Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;

Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:

Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,

For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:

Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,

By Heav'n, I swore but what I thought I saw.

Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
 On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.

But till your fight's establish'd, for a while,
 Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
 Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
 So just recovering from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight:

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
 Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
 Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
 'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
 Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,
 With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
 He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
 Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
 Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
 A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
 Let all wise husbands hence example take;
 And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
 To be so well deluded by their wives.

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THE
WIFE OF BATH

HER
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CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

T H E

W I F E O F B A T H.

F R O M C H A U C E R.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:

Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

“Increase and multiply,” was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.

This too, “Let men their fires and mothers leave,

“And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.”

More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,

Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.

I've had myself full many a merry fit;

And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet.

For when my transitory spouse, unkind,

Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,

I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.

There's danger in assembling fire and tow;

I grant them that, and what it means, you know.

The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,

No precept for virginity he found:

'Tis but a counsel---and we women still

Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she

Think fit to live in perfect chastity;

Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice;
I, for a few flight spots, am not so nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.

Full many a faint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.

Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with shew'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palfy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives! give ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam---
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft' repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain;
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side:
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses, men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!

If by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
 Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by St. John,
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.
 One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes---
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
 If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
 " Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
 " Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
 " I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?

Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.

'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.

The cat, if you but finge her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the fun;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To shew her fur, and to be caterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable fires.
I told them, Thus you say, and thus you do,
I told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damfels they bedight.

That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
 For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
 Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
 I levied first a tax upon his need;
 Then let him---'twas a nicety indeed!
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
 With empty hands no taffels you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old,
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
 Yet with embraces, curses oft' I mixt,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.

But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
 " Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look?
 " Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
 " Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek!
 " Of Job's great patience since so oft' you preach,
 " Well should you practice, who so well can teach.
 " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
 " Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }
 " The wives of all my family have rul'd
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 " Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
 " What! would you have me to yourself alone?
 " Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
 " Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 " You little think what custom I could have.
 " But see! I'm all your own---nay hold---for shame!
 " What means my dear?---indeed---you are to blame."

Thus with my first three lords I past my life;
 A very woman, and a very wife.
 What fums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft' I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
 For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
 A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
 This wicked world was once my dear delight;
 Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two:
But all that score I paid---as how? you'll say,
Not with my body, in a filthy way;
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft', when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and fat and fung.
How fore I gall'd him, only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerufalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.
A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless'd the good man's soul, I say no more.

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Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
 (Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest)
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.
 In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
 He boarded with a widow in the town,
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alifon.
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall:
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She---and my niece---and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft' has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft' a-day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to ev'ry church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade;
The stations duly, and the vigils kept,
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We strait struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown.
 All this I said; but dreams, firs, I had none:
 I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
 Who bid me tell this lie---and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
 I tore my gown, I foil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows---must.
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
 To hide the flood of tears I did---not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
 Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
 But as he march'd, good Gods! he shew'd a pair
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
 And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
 A conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.

As the stars order'd, such my life has been:

Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!

Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace,

And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.

By virtue of this pow'ful constellation,

I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.

All I possess'd I gave to his command,

My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:

But oft' repented, and repent it still;

He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:

Nay once, by Heav'n, he struck me on the face;

Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
He, against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes,
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother and Duilius' wife;
And chose the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.

Oft' would he say, Who builds his house on sands,
 Pricks his blind horse a-crofs the fallow lands;
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
 Deserves a fool's cap and long ears at home.
 All this avail'd not, for whoe'er he be
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
 And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
 Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
 A certain treatise oft' at ev'ning read,
 Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
 For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
 Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art,
 Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves;
 And many more than sure the Church approves.
 More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
 Than good, in all the Bible and faints-lives.
 Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man.
 But could we women write as scholars can,
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.

Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
 When old, and past the relish of delight,
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
 That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
 Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
 How the first female (as the Scriptures shew)
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
 How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
 Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
 How curst Eryphile her lord betray'd,
 And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
 But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
 And husband-bull---oh monstrous! fie for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
 Xantippe made her good man undergo;
 How oft' she scolded in a day, he knew,
 How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
 "Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
 A fatal tree was growing in his land.

On which three wives successively had twin'd
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
 Where grows this plant, (reply'd the friend) oh where?
 For better fruit did never orchard bear.
 Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
 And in my garden planted shall it be.

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,
 Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
 That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought:
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

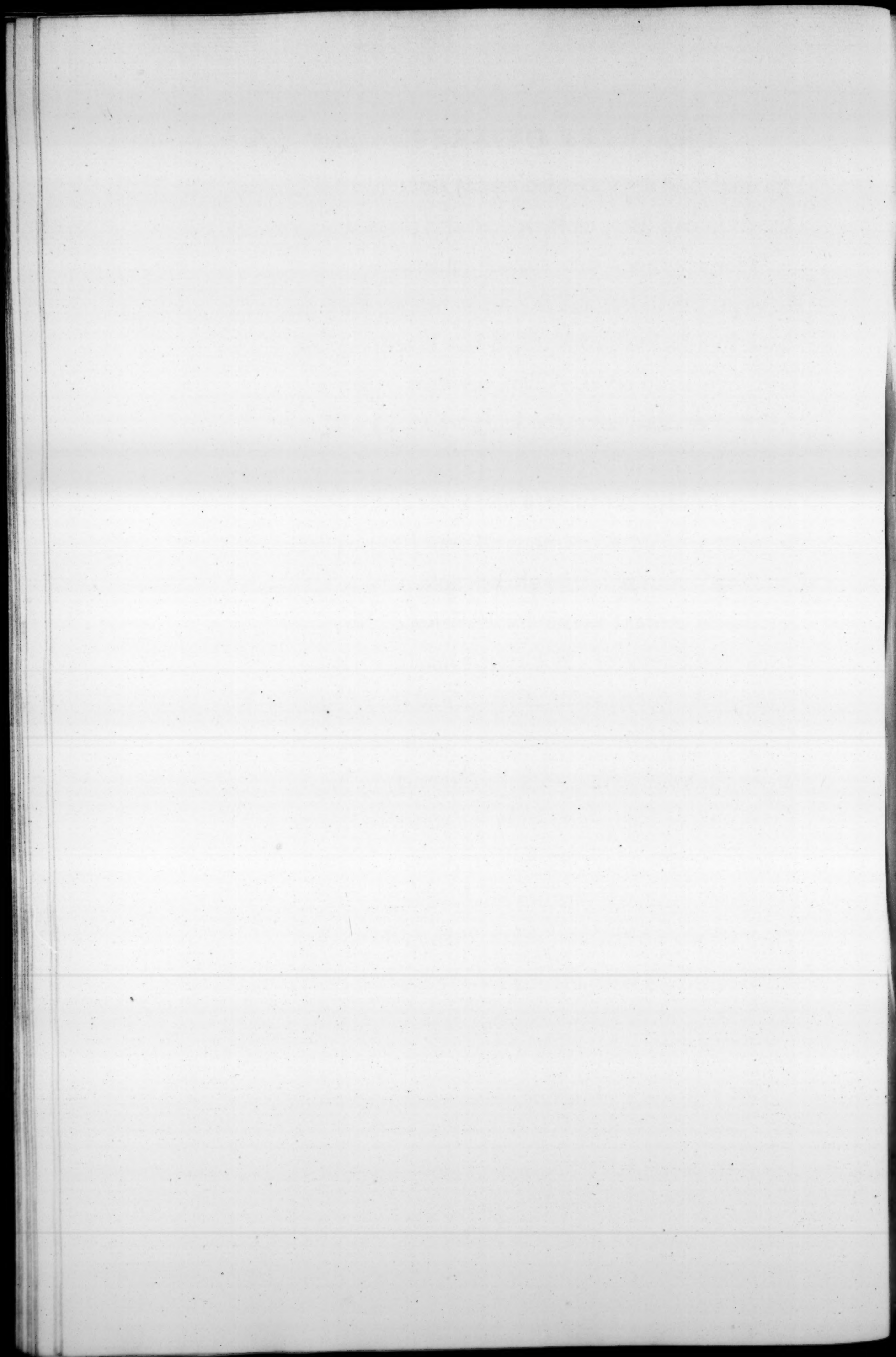
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
 All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd;
 But when no end of these vile tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
 With that my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.

I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
 Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd)
 Yet I forgive thee---take my last embrace---
 He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

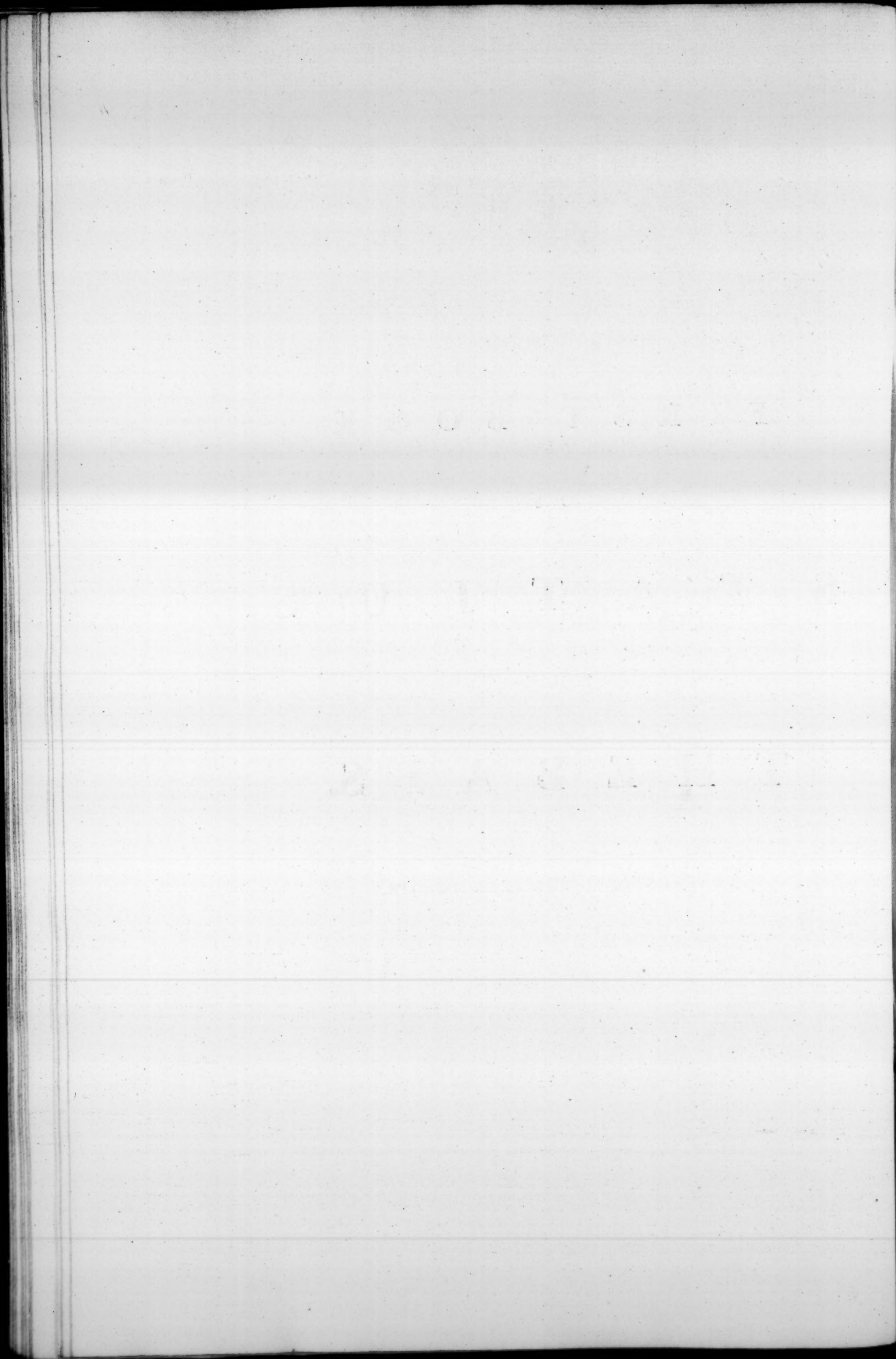
But after many a hearty struggle past,
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
 Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
 Do what you list, the term of all your life:
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
 Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
 With all the government of house and land,
 And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
 As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now Heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
 Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
 That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
 And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.III.



A R G U M E N T.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta; put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the meantime departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters should be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity: he relates to his guests, the loves of Phoebus and Psamathe, and the story of Choroebus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he needs not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood. But finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

P. S T A T I I
T H E B A I D O S
I. I B E R P R I M U S.

FRATERNAS acies, alternâque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis,
Ire Deae? gentisne canam primordia dirae?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreae? scrutantemque aequora Cadmum?
Longa retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem praelia fulcis
Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes.

T H E
F I R S T B O O K
O F
S T A T I U S
H I S
T H E B A I S.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?

Unde graves irae cognata in moenia Baccho,
 Quod faevae Junonis opus; cui sumpsit arcum
 Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
 Ionium, focio castra Palaemone mater.

Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
 Praeteriisse finam: limes mihi carminis esto
 Oedipodae confusa domus: quando Itala nondum
 Signa, nec Arctos ausim sperare triumphos,
 Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,
 Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
 Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis
 Bella Jovis. Tuque, O Latiae, decus addite famae,
 Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
 Aeternum sibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
 Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida coeli
 Pleiadum, Boreaeque, et hiulci fulminis expers

Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
 Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?
 The fire against the son his arrows drew;
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
 And while her arms a second hope contain,
 Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song
 At Oedipus---from his disasters trace
 The long confusions of his guilty race:
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
 And mighty Caesar's conqu'ring eagles sing;
 How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
 Or, long before, with early valour strove
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
 And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
 Increase of glory to the Latian name!
 Oh! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space,
 And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;

Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter aequa
Parte poli; maneat hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terraeque potens, et fidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oestro
Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn. fatis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis post fata modum, flammisque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumultisque carentia regum
Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes;
Caerula cum rubuit Lernaeo sanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.

Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;
 Tho' Phoebus longs to mix his rays with thine,
 And in thy glories more serenely shine;
 Tho' Jove himself no less content would be
 To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;
 Yet stay, great Caesar! and vouchsafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
 Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
 And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breast to sing of Caesar's fame:
 Meanwhile permit that my preluding Muse
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse:
 Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
 A fatal throne to two contending kings,
 And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
 Of kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum irae
 Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?
 Urget et hostilem propellens caedibus amnem
 Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
 Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
 Merferat aeterna damnatum nocte pudorem
 Oedipodes, longaue animam sub morte tenebat.
 Illum indulgentem tenebris, imaeque recessu
 Sedis, inaspectos coelo, radiisq̄ penates
 Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis
 Saeva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore dirae.
 Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitae
 Supplicium, ostentat coelo, manibusque cruentis
 Pulsat inane solum, faevaue ita voce precatur:
 Dī fontes animas, angustaque Tartara poenis
 Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
 Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari

What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
 Or how, with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
 Or how the youth, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
 And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of fight,
 Led a long death in everlasting night;
 But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
 The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
 In frightful views, and makes it day within;
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul:
 The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
 Thou, fable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I tho' blind behold;

Annue Tifiphone, perversaque vota secunda.
 Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
 Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
 Firmasti: si stagna peti Cyrrhaea bicorni
 Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso
 Contentus Polybo, trifidaeque in Phocidos arce
 Longaevum implicui regem, secuique trementis
 Ora senis, dum quaero patrem: si Sphingos iniquae
 Callidus ambages te praemonstrante resolvi:
 Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris
 Connubium gavissus inî: noctemque nefandam
 Saepe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi;
 Mox avidus poenae digitis cedentibus ultro
 Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui:
 Exaudi, si digna precor, quaeque ipsa furenti
 Subjiceres: orbum visu regnisque parentem
 Non regere, aut dictis moerentem flectere adorti
 Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce superbi
 (Pro dolor) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,
 Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.

Tisiphone! that oft' hast heard my pray'r,
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care.
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day
When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign;
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then, self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
Oh, hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.
My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride
Insult my darkness and my groans deride.

Hisne etiam funestus ego? et videt ista deorum
Ignavus genitor? tu saltem debita vindex
Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordire nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro
Diffiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidisse nefas, nec tarda sequetur
Mens juvenum, modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.

Talia jaçtanti crudelis diva severos
Advertit vultus; inamoenum forte sedebat
Cocyton juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.
Ilicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris
Tristibus exiliit ripis, discedit inane
Vulgus, et occurfus dominae pavet; illa per umbras

Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
 Thou Fury! then some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail;
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
 Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief frame,
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came."

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
 Her snakes unty'd sulphureous waters drink;
 But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
 The gliding lightning or descending star.
 Thro' crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
 And dark dominions of the silent night;

Et caligantes, animarum examine campos,
Taenariae limen petit irremeabile portae.
Sensit adesse dies: piceo nox obvia nimbo
Lucentes turbavit equos. Procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia coelum cervice remisit.
Arripit extemplo Maleae de valle refurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas
Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora ceraestae,
Turba minor diri capitis: sedet intus abactis
Ferreus lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phoebes
Atraxea rubet arte labor: suffusa veneno
Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa fitis, morbique, famesque,
Et populis mors una venit. Riget horrida tergo
Palla, et caerulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus.

Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts withdrew,
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view :
 To th' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
 The day beheld, and, sick'ning at the sight,
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
 Affrighted Atlas on the distant shore
 Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
 With eager speed the well-known journey took,
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
 A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head;
 In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow;
 Such rays from Phoebe's bloody circles flow,
 When lab'ring with strong charms she shoots from high
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
 Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
 From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A dress by fates and furies worn alone.

Tum geminas quatit illa manus: haec igne rogali
Fulgurat, haec vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithaeron
Occurrit coelo, fera sibila crine virenti
Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achaei
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.
Audiit et medius coeli Parnassus, et asper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palaemona preffit.
Atque ea Cadmaeo praeceps ubi limine primum
Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
Gentilesque animos subiit furor, aegraque laetis,
Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
Saevus amor: ruptaeque vices, jurisque secundi
Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum

She tofs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
 But when the Fury took her stand on high,
 Where vast Cithaeron's top salutes the sky,
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round,
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
 And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound.
 Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice,
 Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
 Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
 And press'd Palaemon closer in her arms.
 Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
 Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
 Stung to the soul the brothers start from rest,
 And all their furies wake within their breast:
 Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
 And Hate engender'd by suspicious fears;
 And sacred Thirst of sway, and all the ties
 Of Nature broke, and royal perjuries;

Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regnis.
 Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
 Agricola imposito fociare affectat aratro:
 Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo
 Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
 In diversa trahunt, atque aequis vincula laxant
 Viribus, et vario confundunt limite fulcos:
 Haud fecus indomitos praeceps discordia fratres,
 Asperat. Alterni placuit sub legibus anni
 Exilio mutare ducem. Sic jure maligno
 Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrum tenentem
 Foedere praecipiti semper novus angeret haeres.
 Haec inter fratres pietas erat; haec mora pugnae
 Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo,
 Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
 Atria, congestos fatis explicitura clientes.

And impotent Desire to reign alone,
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne.
 Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
 While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers, by brawny ploughmen broke,
 And join reluctant to the galling yoke,
 Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
 Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
 But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
 And all the furrows in confusion lay :
 Such was the discord of the royal pair,
 Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
 In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
 To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :
 Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state
 That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
 And the short monarch of a hasty year
 Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
 Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
 But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
 No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd ;
 No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
 No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;

Non impacatis regum advigilantia fomnis
 Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
 Excubiae, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
 Atque aurum violare cibis. Sed nuda potestas
 Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
 Dumque uter angustae squalentia jugera Dirces
 Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovaret
 Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
 Et vitae, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
 Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
 Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
 Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
 Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit
 Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
 Igne Noti? quid si Tyriae Phrygiaeve sub unum
 Convectentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandae
 Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est
 Oedipodae sedisse loco. Jam forte carebat
 Dilatus Polynicis honos. Quis tum tibi, faeve,
 Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula
 Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
 Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt
 Plebis Echioniae, tacitumque a principe vulgus

No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
 Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
 No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
 Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
 Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine---
 Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
 Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
 Not all bright Phoebus views in early morn,
 Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,
 And the cold north receives a fainter day;
 For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
 What joys, oh, Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
 When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
 Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
 And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
 Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
 And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;

Diffidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
 Atque aliquis, cui mens humili laefisse veneno
 Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti
 Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus
 Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
 Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla!
 Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque
 Fortunam fecere levem. Semperne vicissim
 Exulibus servire dabor? tibi, summe deorum,
 Terrarumque fâtor, fociis hanc addere mentem
 Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
 Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
 Pondera, Carpathio jussus fale quaerere Cadmus
 Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros:

New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
 And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
 And one of those who groan beneath the sway
 Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
 (Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite
 With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
 Exclaim'd---O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign?
 Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
 These now controul a wretched people's fate,
 These can divide, and these reverse the state:
 Ev'n Fortune rules no more:---O servile land,
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
 Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;
 When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
 And fated in Boeotian fields to found
 A rising empire on a foreign ground,

Fraternalque acies foetae telluris hiatu,
 Augurium, feros dimisit adusque nepotes?
 Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
 Saevior affurgens dempto consorte potestas?
 Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia fastu?
 Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
 Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior aequi.
 Quid mirum? non solus erat. Nos vilis in omnes
 Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.
 Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
 Vela trahunt, nutat mediae fortuna carinae.
 Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis
 Aspera fors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
 At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria coeli
 Lectus concilio divum convenerat ordo

First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
 What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!
 What fullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
 Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.
 O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
 Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that prince threatens, and while this commands.

And now th' almighty Father of the gods
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes:

Interiore polo. Spatiis hinc omnia juxta
Primaeque occiduaeque domûs, effusa sub omni
Terra atque unda die. Mediis sese arduus infert
Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat folio. Nec protinus ausi
Coelicolae, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
Tranquilla jubet esse manu. Mox turba vagorum
Semideûm, et summis cognati nubibus amnes,
Et compressa metu fervantes murmura venti,
Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes.
Postquam jussa quies, siluitque exterritus orbis,

Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
 Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
 The realms of rising and declining day,
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea. }
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
 The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
 A shining synod of majestic gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
 And the bright arch reflects a double day.
 The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke,

Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis
Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur.)
Terrarum delicta, nec exsuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. Quonam usque nocentum
Exigar in poenas? taedet faevire corusco
Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
Brachia, et Aeoliis defunt incudibus ignes.
Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos
Solis equos, coelumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontaea mundum squallere favilla.
Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late
Ire per illicitum pelago germane dedisti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quibus sanguinis autor
Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis imposta manet: quis funera Cadmi

Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
 And each irrevocable word is fate.

How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy,
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
 Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
 Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires;
 Th' Aeolian forge exhausted of its fires.
 For this, I suffer'd Phoebus' steeds to stray,
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
 For this, my brother of the watry reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main:
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
 The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
 And the long series of succeeding woe?

Nesciat? et toties excitam a fedibus imis
 Eumenidum bellasse aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
 Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
 Crimina? vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactae
 Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
 Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius haeres
 Patris, et immeritae gremium incestare parentis
 Appetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.
 Ille tamen Superis aeterna piacula solvit,
 Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius aethere nostro
 Vescitur, at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes
 Calcavere oculos. Jam jam rata vota tulisti,
 Dire senex; meruere tuae, meruere tenebrae
 Ultorem sperare Jovem. Nova fontibus arma
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam
 Exitiale genus. Belli mihi femina funto

How oft' the Furies from the deeps of night
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
 Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
 The savage hunter and the haunted wood?
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
 And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again.
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
 Thro' violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just Heav'n alarms,
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the Theban line;

Adraustus focer, et superis adjuncta finistris
 Connubia. Hanc etiam poenis incessere gentem
 Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
 Tantalus, et faevae periit injuria mensae.

Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi faucibus dictis,
 Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,
 Talia Juno refert: Mene, o justissime divum,
 Me bello certare jubes? scis semper ut arces
 Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
 Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem; licet improbus illic
 Custodem Phariae, somno letoque juvencae
 Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.
 Mentitis ignosco toris: illam odimus urbem,
 Quam vultu confessus adis: ubi conscia magni
 Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
 Facta luant Thebae: cur hostes eligis Argos?
 Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,

Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed;
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.

He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
 (With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
 Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
 And there deluded Argus slept and bled;
 Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
 But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove---
 Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,

Et Samon, et veteres armis exscinde Mycenae.
 Verte solo Sparten. Cur usquam sanguine festo
 Conjugis ara tuae, cumulo cur thuris Eoï
 Laeta calet? melius votis Mareotica fumat
 Coptos, et aerifoni lugentia flumina Nili.
 Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
 Subvenitque tuis fera haec sententia curis;
 Percensere aevi senium, quo tempore tandem
 Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro
 Emendare fat est? jamdudum ab sedibus illis
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua praeterlabitur unda
 Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
 Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis
 Imposuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
 Oenomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Aemo
 Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
 Reliquiis trunca ora rigent. Tamen hic tibi templi

Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
 No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
 But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
 For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.

Gratus honos. Placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
 Creta tuos. Me Tantaleis consistere tectis,
 Quae tandem invidia est? belli deflechte tumultus,
 Et generis miseresce tui. Sunt impia late
 Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno,
 At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
 Reddidit haec: Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
 Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet aequus) in Argos
 Confulerem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit
 Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem
 Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.
 Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aequora fratris
 Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,

Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
 On impious realms and barb'rous kings impose
 Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those.

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd
 The rage and grief contending in her breast;
 Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply.
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
 The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare
 Against a nation thy peculiar care:
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
 Their work, and rev'ence our superior will.
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.

Nil fore quo dictis flectar. Quare impiger ales
 Portantes praecede Notos Cyllenia proles:
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
 Dic patruo: superas senior se tollat ad auras
 Laius, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
 Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
 Lege Erebi: ferat haec diro mea iussa nepoti:
 Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem
 Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula
 Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:
 Hinc causae irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
 Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
 Obnubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.
 Tum dextrae virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces
 Aut suadere iterum fomnos, qua nigra subire
 Tartara, et exangues animare assueverat umbras.
 Desiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.

Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air;
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
 Expects its passage to the farther strand:
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain
 The promis'd empire and alternate reign:
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies,
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts,
 Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;

Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.

Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furto deferta pererrat
Aoniae. Jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. Tenet una dies noctesque recurfans
Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum,
Cerneret, hac aevum cupiat pro luce pacisci.
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugae dispendia: sed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum
Dejecto se fratre putat. Spes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo confumit gaudia voto.
Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque regna,
Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenae,
Ferre iter impavidum. Seu praevia ducit Erinnyes,
Seu fors illa viae, five hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygius ululata furoribus antra.

Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
 (His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,
 While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
 His daily vision and his dream by night;
 Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
 With transport views the airy rule his own,
 And swells on an imaginary throne.
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
 And live out all in one triumphant day.
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)

Deferit, et pingues Bacchaeo fanguine colles.
 Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithaeron
 Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad aequora montem,
 Praeterit. Hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens,
 Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllaeaque rura
 Purpureo regnata feni, mitemque Corinthon
 Linqvit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phoebi
 Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
 Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
 Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam somnus avaris
 Inferpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat,
 Grata laboratae referens oblivia vitae.
 Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila coelo
 Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris
 Longa repercussu nituere crepuscula Phoebo.
 Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammae
 Subtextit nox atra polos. Jam claustra ridentis

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
 And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
 Then sees Cithaeron tow'ring o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.
 Next to the bounds of Nifus' realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs :
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores :
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phoebus yields to night,
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew ;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; Sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air,
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day ;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night ;

Aeoliae percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
 Ore minatur hiems, venti transversa frementes
 Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
 Dum coelum sibi quisque rapit. Sed plurimus Auster
 Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,
 Defunditque imbres, ficco quos asper hiatu
 Perfoliat Boreas. Nec non abrupta tremiscunt
 Fulgura, et Attritus subita face rumpitur aether.
 Jam Nemea, jam Taenareis contermina lucis
 Arcadiae capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
 Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.
 Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullae
 Aggeribus tenuere morae, stagnoque refusa est
 Funditus, et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
 Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellae
 Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per aevum
 Solibus umbrosi patuere aestiva Lycae.
 Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis

From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
 Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs.
 From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
 And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.
 Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
 And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the dams away:
 Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born:
 The storm the dark Lycaean groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.

Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
 Aure pavens, passimque infano turbine raptas
 Pastorum pecorumque domos. Non segnius amens,
 Incertusque viae, per nigra silentia, vastum
 Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.

Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto,
 Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat
 Luna vias, medio coeli pelagique tumultu
 Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut faxa malignis
 Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto
 Spumantes scopulos erectae incurrere prorae:
 Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros
 Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum
 Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit
 Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis moesta timoris.
 Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
 Emicuit lucem devexa in moenia fundens
 Larissaeus apex. Illo spe concitus omni
 Evolat. Hinc celsae Junonia templa Profymnae
 Laevus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore

Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
 The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
 That, driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds and hinds, and houses to the main.
 Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread!
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
 When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
 While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief on ev'ry side distress'd,
 Thus still his courage with his toils encreas'd;
 With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
 Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.
 Till he beheld, where from Lariffa's height
 The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
 Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
 On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
 On that Profymna's grove and temple rise:

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Lernaei stagna atra vadi. Tandemque reclusis
 Infertur portis. Actutum regia cernit
 Vestibula. Hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
 Projicit, ignotaeque acclinis postibus aulae
 Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia somnos.

Rex ibi tranquillae medio de limite vitae
 In senium vergens populos Adraustus habebat.
 Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.
 Hic sexûs melioris inops, sed prole virebat
 Foemineâ, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
 Cui Phoebus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu!
 Mox adaperta fides) aevo ducente canebat
 Setigerumque suem, et fulvum adventare leonem.
 Haec volvens, non ipse pater, non docte futuri
 Amphiaraë vides, etenim vetat autor Apollo.
 Tantum in corde sedens aegrescit cura parentis.

Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydonâ relinquens
 Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum
 Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora
 Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequeustus et imbres,

He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
 And to the regal palace bent his way;
 On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
 And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
 Blest with calm peace in his declining days;
 By both his parents of descent divine,
 Great Jove and Phoebus grac'd his noble line:
 Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
 But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
 To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate!
 But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
 Had sung---"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
 "A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
 This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
 Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
 This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
 Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
 The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
 For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
 Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
 And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
 Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:

Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
 Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus
 Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat.---

Hic primum lustrare oculis, cultusque virorum
 Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem
 Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
 Illius in speciem, quem per Theumesia Tempe
 Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
 Ante Cleonaei vestitur praelia monstri.
 Terribiles contra fetis, ac dente recurvo
 Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
 Exuviae, Calydonis honos. Stupet omine tanto
 Defixus senior, divina oracula Phoebi
 Agnoscens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
 Obtutu gelida ora premit, laetusque per artus
 Horror iit. Sensit manifesto numine ductos
 Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
 Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,

Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
 He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,
 'Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
 And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
 T' Adraftus' realms, and hospitable court;
 The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
 And views their arms and habit with surprize.
 A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
 Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
 Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
 Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
 A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
 Oenides' manly shoulders overspread.
 Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
 Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
 The king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
 Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
 The guiding godhead, and his future sons.
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
 And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein.
 To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
 And thus invokes the silent queen of night.

Ediderat. Tunc sic tendens ad fidera palmas:
 Nox, quae terrarum coelique amplexa labores
 Ignea multivago transmittis fidera lapsu,
 Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus aegris
 Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
 Tu mihi perplexis quaesitam erroribus ultro
 Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati
 Detegis. Assistas operi, tuaque omina firmes.
 Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni
 Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, diva, litabunt
 Electa cervice greges, lustraliaque exta
 Lacte novo perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis.
 Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus;
 Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. Sic fatus; et ambos
 Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulae
 Progreditur. Canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
 Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri
 Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes
 Instaurare jubet. Dictis parere ministri
 Certatim accelerant. Vario strepit icta tumultu

Goddesses of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
 Yon' spangled arch glows with the starry train:
 You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
 'Till nature, quicken'd by th'inspiring ray,
 Wakes to new vigour with the rising day.
 O thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,
 Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
 Be present still, oh goddess! in our aid;
 Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.
 We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
 And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
 The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
 And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
 Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
 Of awful Phoebus; I confess the gods!

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
 Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;
 Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
 The relics of a former sacrifice.
 The king once more the solemn rites requires,
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
 His train obey, while all the courts around
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.

Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
 Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas,
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas.
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
 Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
 His labor inferto terrore exanguia ferro
 Viscera caesarum pecudum: his cumulare canistris
 Perdomitam faxo Cererem. Laetatur Adrastus
 Obsequio fervere domum. Jamque ipse superbis
 Fulgebat stratis, folioque effultus eburno.
 Parte alia juvenes ficcati vulnera lymphis
 Discumbunt: simul ora notis foedata tuentur,
 Inque vicem ignoscunt. Tunc rex longaevus Acesten
 (Natarum haec altrix, eadem et fidissima custos
 Lecta sacrum justae Veneri occultare pudorem)
 Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
 Nec mora praeceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
 Arcano egressae thalamo (mirabile visu)
 Pallados armisonae, pharetrataeque ora Dianae
 Aequa ferunt, terrore minus. Nova deinde pudori
 Visa virum facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
 Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes

Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
 Who first their youth, in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd.
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
 When from the close apartments of the night,
 The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears.
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,

Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensae
 Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem
 Iäfides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
 Qua Danaus libare deis seniorque Phoroneus
 Affueti. Tenet haec operum caelata figuras:
 Aureus anguicomam praefecto Gorgona collo
 Ales habet. Jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras
 Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
 Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallefcit in auro.
 Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
 Gargara desidunt surgenti, et Troja recedit.
 Stant moesti comites, frustra que sonantia laxant
 Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.

Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
 Coelicolas: Phoebum ante alios, Phoebum omnis ad aras
 Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica

Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.

There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The first libation sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call;
With Phoebus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands drest,

Fronde, manus: cui festa dies, largoque reſecti
 Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.
 Forſitan, o juvenes, quae ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
 Praecipuum cauſis Phoebi obteſtemur honorem,
 Rex ait, exquirunt animi. Non inſcia ſuaſit
 Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim
 Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
 Poſtquam coerulei ſinuofa volumina monſtri,
 Terrigenam Pythona, deus ſeptem orbibus atris
 Amplexum Delphos, ſquamisſue annofa terentem
 Robora; Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore trifulco
 Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
 Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,
 Cyrrhaeique dedit centum per jugera campi
 Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula caedi
 Perquirens, noſtri teſta haud opulenta Crotopi
 Attigit. Huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis
 Mira decore pio, ſervabat nata penates
 Intemerata toris. Felix, ſi Delia nunquam
 Furta, nec occultum Phoebſo ſociaſſet amorem.
 Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeaei ad fluminis undam,

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
 Salute the god in num'rous hymns of praise.

Then thus the king: Perhaps, my noble guests,
 These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
 To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
 Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
 Great was the cause; our old solemnities
 From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
 But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
 These grateful honours to the god of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
 With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
 (Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
 And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
 To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
 And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
 This rural prince one only daughter blest'd,
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
 Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
 Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
 Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
 But Phoebus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
 Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:

Bis quinos plena cum fronte refumeret orbes
 Cynthia, fidereum Latonae foeta nepotem
 Edidit: ac poenae metuens (neque enim ille coactis
 Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
 Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
 Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti
 Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
 Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri
 Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,
 Et pecori commune solum. Sed fata nec illum
 Concessere larem: viridi nam cespite terrae
 Projectum temere, et patulo coelum ore trahentem
 Dira canum rabies morfu depasta cruento
 Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
 Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
 Et metus. Ipsa ultro faevis plangoribus amens
 Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus

Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
 Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born,
 The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
 Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
 And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
 Ah how unworthy those of race divine?
 On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
 While the rude swain his rural music tries,
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
 Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
 Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
 Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;

Occurrit confessa patri. Nec motus, at atro
Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.

Sero memor thalami, moestae solatia morti,
Phoebe, paras. Monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora,
Pectoraque, aeternum stridens a vertice surgit
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis.
Haec tam dira lues nocturno squalida passu
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morfuque cruento
Devesci et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.

Haud tulit armorum praestans animique Choroebus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi
Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,
Obtulit. Illa novos ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio. Lateri duo corpora parvum
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus haeret,
Ferratique ungues tenero sub corde tepescunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virum stipante corona

Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies,
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
 The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
 High on her crown a rising snake appears,
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
 When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
 Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Choroebus warms,
 Choroebus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar descry'd;
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
 The youth surround her with extended spears;
 But brave Choroebus in the front appears:

It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro
 Condidit: atque imas animae mucrone corusco
 Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
 Reddit habere Jovi. Juvat ire, et visere juxta
 Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
 Proluviem, et crasso squalentia pectora tabo,
 Qua nostrae cecidere animae. Stupet Inacha pubes,
 Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.
 Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
 Proterere exanimes artus, asprosq; molares
 Deculcare genis, nequit iram explere potestas.
 Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes
 Impastae fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
 Oraque ficca ferunt trepidorum inhiâsse luporum.

Saevior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptae
 Delius infurget, summaque biverticis umbra
 Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
 Pestifera arma jacet, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum
 Tecta, superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
 Labuntur dulces animae: mors fila sororum
 Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.

Quaerenti quae causa duci, quis ab aethere laevus
 Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum?

Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
 Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
 Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
 With livid poison, and our children's blood.
 The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
 Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
 Avenging Phoebus bent his deadly bow,
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phoebus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year?

Idem autor Paeon rursus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monstro juvenes, qui caede potiti.

Fortunate animi, longumque in saecula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Oculis, aut certae trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhaei in limine templi
Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras.

Non missus, Thymbraee, tuos supplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conscia virtus
Has egere vias. Ego sum qui caede subegi,
Phoebe, tuum mortale nefas, quem nubibus atris,
Et squalente die, nigra quem tabe finistri
Quaeris, inique, poli. Quod si monstra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,
Mors hominum, et faevo tanta inclementia coelo est:
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divum optime, solum
Objecisse caput fatis praestabit. An illud

Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phoebus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human-kind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?

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Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
 Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
 Lucet ager? sed quid fando tua tela manusque
 Demoror? expectant matres, supremaque fundunt
 Vota mihi. Satis est: merui, ne parcere velles.
 Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
 Insignemque animam leto demitte. Sed illum
 Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,
 Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors aequa merentes
 Respicit. Ardentem, tenuit reverentia, caedis
 Latoïden, tristemque viro summissus honorem
 Largitur vitae. Nostro mala nubila coelo
 Diffugiunt. At tu stupefacti a limine Phoebi
 Exoratus abis. Inde haec statuta sacra quotannis
 Solennes recolunt epulae, Phoebeiaque placat
 Tempa novatus honos: has forte invisis aras.
 Vos quae progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus
 Et Parthaoniae (dudum si certus ad aures
 Clamor iit) tibi iura domûs; tu pande quis Argos
 Advenias? quando haec variis sermonibus hora est.

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
 Unless our desert cities please thy fight,
 Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
 But for my country let my fate atone,
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial Heav'n relieves:
 Unwelcome life relenting Phoebus gives;
 For not the vengeful pow'r that glow'd with rage,
 With such amazing virtue durst engage.
 The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
 And from the wond'ring god th'unwilling youth retir'd.
 Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
 And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
 These solemn feasts propitious Phoebus please:
 These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the king)
 What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
 The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
 Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
 Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
 And silent hours to various talk invite.

Dejecit moestos extemplo Ismenius heros
 In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea laesum
 Obliquare oculos. Tum longa silentia movit:
 Non super hos divum tibi sum quaerendus honores
 Unde genus, quae terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
 Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.
 Sed si praecipitant miserum cognoscere curae,
 Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebae,
 Et genetrix Jocasta mihi. Tum motus Adraustus
 Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
 Scimus, ait. Nec sic aversum fama Mycenis
 Volvit iter. Regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes
 Novit, et Arctoïs si quis de solibus horret,
 Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum occasibus intrat
 Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes
 Destituunt, ne perge queri, casusque priorum
 Annumerare tibi. Nostro quoque sanguine multum

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
 Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies :
 Before these altars how shall I proclaim
 (Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,
 Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
 Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
 Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
 Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.
 To whom the king (who felt his gen'rous breast
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
 Replies:---Ah why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father, known too well by fame?
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
 Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.

Erravit pietas. Nec culpa nepotibus obstat.

Tu modo diffimilis rebus mereare fecundis

Excusare tuos. Sed jam temone supino

Languet Hyperboreae glacialis portitor urfae:

Fundite vina focis, fervatoremque parentum

Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.

Phoebe parens, seu te Lyciae Pataraea nivosis

Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico

Castaliae flavos amor est tibi mergere crines:

Seu Trojam Thymbraeus habes, ubi fama volentem

Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares:

Seu juvat Aegaeum feriens Latonius umbra

Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quaerere Delon:

Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes

Arcus, et aetherii dono cessere parentes

Aeternum florere genas. Tu doctus iniquas

Parcarum praenôsse minas, fatumque quod ultra est,

Et summo placitura Jovi. Quis letifer annus,

Bella quibus populis, mutant quae sceptrâ cometâe.

If on the sons the parents crimes descend,
 What prince from those his lineage can defend?
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
 With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
 And be thyself the honour of thy race. }
 But see! the stars begin to steal away,
 And shine more faintly at approaching day:
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

Oh father Phoebus! whether Lycia's coast
 And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
 And bathe in silver dew's thy yellow hair;
 Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
 Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
 Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring gods:
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
 Skill'd in the laws of sacred fate above,
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
 The change of sceptres, and impending woe;

Tu Phryga submittis citharae. Tu matris honori
 Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
 Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
 Horruit in pharetris. Ultrix tibi torva Megaera
 Jejenum Phlegyam subter cava faxa jacentem
 Aeterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
 Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
 Adsis, o memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva
 Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari
 Gentis Achaemeniae ritu, seu praestat Osirin
 Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
 Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mould'ring rock, that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achaemenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

IMITATIONS

O F

ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

2 N

IMITATIONS

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH

IN

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

I.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet fwinken nat fans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Ireland:
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filche the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then, there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowfes hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
"But ho! our nephew, (crieth one)
"Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,---
This fely clerke full low doth lout:

They asken that, and talken this,

“Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss.”

But, as he glozeth with speeches foote,

The ducke fore tickleth his erse roote:

Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,

Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.

“Te-hee,” cry’d ladies; clerke nought spake:

Miss star’d; and gray ducke cryeth “quaake.”

“O moder, moder, (quoth the daughter)

“Be thilke same thing maids longen a’ter?”

“Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,

“Then trust on mon whose yerde can talke.”

II.

SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
Where ever and anon, the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat, soft sliding to and fro.
There oft' are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,

Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
 The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
 Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
 The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
 Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
 Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
 Slander beside her like a magpie chatters,
 With Envy, (spitting cat) dread foe to peace;
 Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
 And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call;
 Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo---n's dog and bitch.
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN, IN WHICH WAS
PAINTED THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS,
WITH THE MOTTO, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my muse the flow'ry treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations show'r their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light,
And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flouret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus, on the bank in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope, and its expected shade.

Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
 There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
 By laurels shielded from the piercing day:
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th'invading beam,
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
 Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
 And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

W E E P I N G.

W HILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,

Proud grief fits swelling in her eyes;

The sun, next those the fairest light,

Thus from the ocean first did rise:

And thus thro' mists we see the sun,

Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,

Foretell the fervour of the day:

So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,

And blasting lightnings burst away.

The stars that fall from Celia's eye

Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere

So like a Phaëton appears,

That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,

Thought fit to drown him in her tears;

Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire

To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,
Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a furer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence! the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the winking dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How church and state should be oblig'd to thee!
At senate and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou be?

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails;
'Twere well if she would pair her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)

On any part except her face;

All white and black beside:

Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,

Her voice theatrically loud,

And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,

A prating thing, a magpie hight,

Majestically stalk;

A stately, worthless animal,

That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,

All flutter, pride, and talk.

P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade :
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state,
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her :
To all obliging she'd appear :
'Twas " Si Signior," 'twas " Yaw Mynheer,"
'Twas " S'il vous plaist, Monsieur."

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a bride :
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)
 Still vary shapes and dyes;
 Still gain new titles with new forms;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

VII.

D. R. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY
 PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the bishop's blessing.
 A wife that makes conserves; a steed
 That carries double when there's need:
 October store, and best Virginia,
 Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea:
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;

A large concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince:
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysoftom to smoothe thy band in.
The Polyglot---three parts---my text,
Howbeit---likewise---now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint---and Paul,
To sum the whole---the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays---if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Dr. S---t.

AN
ESSAY ON MAN,

IN
FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

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THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to mens business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract---his Nature and his State; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharp-

ened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress, (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 113, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, &c. to the end.

E P I S T L E I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or fightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?

Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,

See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

Observe how system into system runs,

What other planets circle other suns,

What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,

May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.

But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,

The strong connections, nice dependencies,

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,

And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made

Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade;

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,

Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd

That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, If God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
 In God's, one single can its end produce;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
 His actions', passions', beings', use and end;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
 Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
 The blest to-day is as completely so,
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
 Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way ;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou ! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much :

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If Man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
 " Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
 " The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
 " For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
 " For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
 " Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
 " My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning funs when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

"No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause

"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;

"Th'exceptions few; some change since all began:

"And what created perfect?"---Why then Man?

If the great end be human happiness,

Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?

Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;

Pours fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind,

Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;

Account for moral as for nat'ral things:

Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?

In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind,
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But all subsists by elemental strife;
 And passions are the elements of life.
 The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 And little less than angel, would be more;
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
 No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
 What modes of fight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam:

Of smell, the headlong lions between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier?
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide?
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Natures aethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
 From thee to nothing.---On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread order break---for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!--oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?

What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame;
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
 The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
 Great in the earth, as in th' aethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor Order imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.

Submit.---In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good.
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to HIMSELF, as an Individual.

I. THE business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature: his powers and frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19. &c. II. The two principles of Man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c. III. The passions, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing Men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of Reason, ver. 203 to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of Men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

E P I S T L E II.

I. **K**NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun;
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule---
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
 Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
 Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?
 Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride;

Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
 Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts;
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
 Each works its end, to move or govern all,
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end:
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.

Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
 That sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng;
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
 Attention, habit and experience gains;
 Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite;
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
 Have full as oft' no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
 But greedy that, its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
 And Reason bids us for our own provide;
 Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
 Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
 Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
 On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
 Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
 And hence one master-passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:

Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives its edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:

A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
 And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends :
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please;
 Or (oft' more strong than all) the love of ease;
 Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
 Grafts on this passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;

Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft' so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft', familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
 Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
 For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole:
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
 That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward, but praise;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
 See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite:
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;

Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of sense by pride:
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
 Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to SOCIETY.

I. THE whole universe one system of society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, ver. 99. III. How far society carried by instinct, ver. 109. How much farther by reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver. 147. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, ver. 166, and in the forms of society, ver. 176. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 199. Origin of monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal government, ver. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love, ver. 215, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear, ver. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixt government, ver. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

E P I S T L E III.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least,
 Made beast in aid of Man, and Man of beast;
 All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
 The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"

"See Man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:

And just as short of reason he must fall,

Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;

Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole:

Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,

And helps another creature's wants and woes.

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,

Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?

Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?

Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?

Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,

To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;

For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,

For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy

Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,

He saves from famine, from the savage saves;

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,

And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest;

Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,

Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.

The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou, too, must perish when thy feast is o'er!

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:

To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;

To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.

Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?

Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,

Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,

Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit;

Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.

This too serves always, reason never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
 One in their nature, which are two in ours;
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?
 Prescient, the tides or tempest to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as *De Moivre*, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
 But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
 So from the first, eternal order ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, Man to Man.
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial feeds.
 Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds another race.
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest and the love;
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those:

The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the Man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.

But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
 The fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from nature rising slow to art!
 To copy instinct then was Reason's part:
 Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake---
 " Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
 " Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 " Learn from the beasts the phyfic of the field;
 " Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
 " Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
 " Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 " Here too all forms of social union find,
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:
 " Here subterranean works and cities see;
 " There towns aërial on the waving tree.
 " Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 " The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 " And anarchy without confusion know;
 " And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.

" Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
 " In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
 " And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
 Cities were built, societies were made:
 Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
 Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
 When love was liberty, and Nature law.
 Thus states were form'd; the name of King unknown,
 'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
 'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)

The fame which in a fire the fons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch fate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing ftate;
On him, their fecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monfters of th' abyfs profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground;
'Till drooping, fick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
One great firft Father, and that firft ador'd:
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to fon;
The worker from the work diftinct was known,
And fimple reafon never fought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that fteady light,
Man, like his Maker, faw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleafure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith and all th' allegiance then,
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,

No ill could fear in God; and understood
 A fov'reign being but a fov'reign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran,
 That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,
 'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
 She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
 She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
 Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.

Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide;
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
 Then first the flamen tasted living food;
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
 With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
 To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
 The same self-love in all becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain;
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Foll'wer of God, or friend of human-kind,

Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral, Nature gave before;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught not to slack nor strain its tender strings,
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too,
 'Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things:
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity:

All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to HAPPINESS.

- I. FALSE notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, from ver. 19 to 27. II. It is the end of all Men, and attainable by all, ver. 29. God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 35. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, ver. 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws, in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 131, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no Man happy without virtue, instanced in riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 259, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 309, &c. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 327, &c.

E P I S T L E IV.

OH Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, seen double by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?---where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
 Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
 Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, That happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
 And makes what Happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing individuals find
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:

Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heav'n's first law; and, this confess,
 Some are and must be greater than the rest;
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase;
 All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all Men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;

But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe;
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools the good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
 Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the fire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
 God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
 Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.

We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be;
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing or its rod,
This cries There is, and that There is no God.

What flocks one part will edify the rest;
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
 Whatever is, is right.---This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Caesar---but for Titus too:
 And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
 Or he whose virtue figh'd to lose a day?

“ But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.”
 What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
 That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent;
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 “ No---shall the good want health, the good want pow'r?”
 Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing;
 “ Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?”
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
 Why is not Man a god, and earth a heav'n?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give:

Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize. A better would you fix?

Then give Humility a coach and fix,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life

Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,

As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,

As toys and empires, for a god-like mind:

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring

No joy, or be destructive of the thing.

How oft' by these at sixty are undone

The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can riches give repute, or trust,

Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?

Judges and senates have been bought for gold,

Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in Men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk.
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,

Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies?
 "Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
 Or make an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise;
 All fly flow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates; that man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath;
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead;
 Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As Justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
 Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own:
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge:
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount:
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft' is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall?
 To fight for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!

If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete!
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the Man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)

“Virtue alone is happiness below.”

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only Merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,

And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,

Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:

Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never elated while one man's oppress'd;

Never dejected while another's blest'd;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain,

Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,

The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,

But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God;

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above and some below;
 Learns from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end in love of God, and love of Man.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees why Nature plants in Man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of blifs but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
 Say, shall my little bark attendant fail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, whatever is, is right;
 That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
 That true self-love and social are the same;
 That virtue only makes our bliss below;
 And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

T H E
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

D E O O P T. M A X.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when Man receives:
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

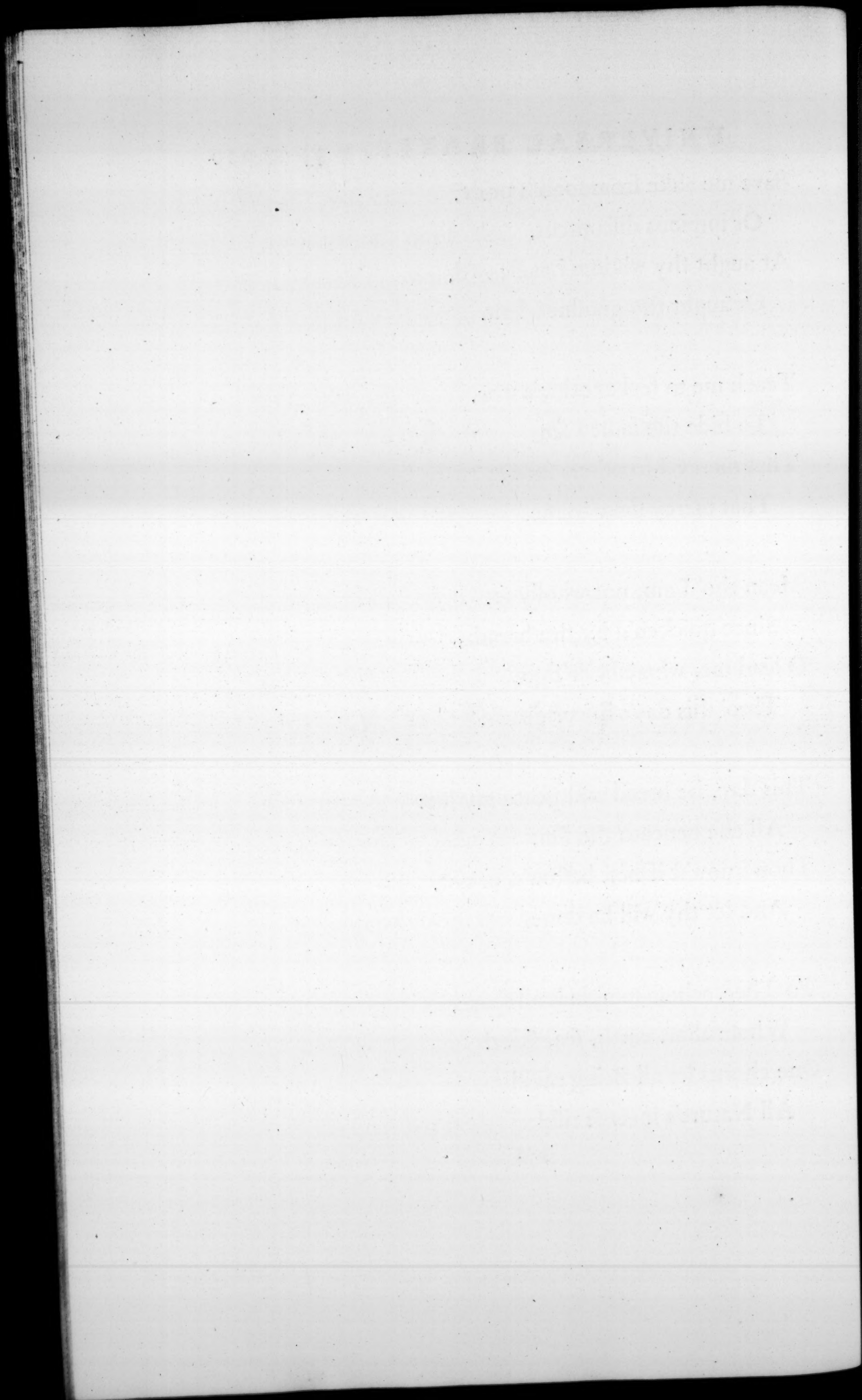
Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;
 O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all Being raise!
 All Nature's incense rise!



A N

E S S A Y

O N

HUMAN LIFE.

——Sapientia prima est
Stultitia caruisse——

HOR.

Y A B C D

Y A B C D E

T H E

P R E F A C E.

OF all kinds of poetry the Didascalical is the most valuable, if aiming at the good of mankind be what justly entitles any thing to that character. The descriptive kind is like a fine landscape, where you meet with two or three principal figures; the rest is all rocks, rivulets, hanging woods, and verdant lawns, amusing to the eye, shewing the taste of the painter, but carrying little instruction along with it. But the Didascalical is like a curious piece of history painting, where every figure must be highly wrought, every passion strongly represented, all contributing in their several degrees to express the main design; in short, it must be a finished piece.

That this is a very difficult work may be collected from the small number of those poets who have ever attempted it. In the early ages of the Grecians, I remember none who have wrote any thing in this way but old Hesiod, Aratus, and Nicander; for Dionysius, the Periegetic, and Oppian, lived not 'till the time of the Roman Emperors. Hesiod's works and days is the only piece

remaining that is allowed to be genuine without dispute; but by Virgil's, and especially Manilius's compliments to him, 'tis highly probable he wrote others, and perhaps more valuable ones, though Quintilian allows him the "*Palma in illo medio genere dicendi*" only, and Le Fevre is much more hard upon him when he makes him little better than an almanack-maker, and his work a mean performance. Paterculus and Plutarch set him next to Homer, as well in the value of his works, as in the period of his age, says Mr. Kennet; but perhaps that may be the other extreme. Aratus wrote a poem, in two books, which he calls the *Phaenomena*, and *Diosemeia*, the one astronomical, giving an account of the situation and the affection of the heavenly bodies, the other astrological, shewing the particular influences arising from their various dispositions and relations. Tully commends him for his versification, and Quintilian says, he has fully answered his argument, which put together, should make up a pretty good character. As to Nicander, Vossius places him amongst his Greek historians, but allows him to have been "*egregius grammaticus, poeta, et medicus.*" His surviving works are, however, only poetry upon poisons, and the methods of cure for them. Of the two latter Greek poets, Dionysius and Oppian, the one wrote a sur-

vey of the world, and the other Cynetics and Halieutics, in both which 'tis certain there are very fine parts, however judgments may differ about them.

Amongst the Romans, Lucretius and Manilius may justly be said to be the chief of the Didascalical poets. They both wrote with all the fire of their youth about them; for neither of them lived to be old. I have always fancied Manilius imitated Lucretius in his manner, the beginning of his books being pretty much in the same way, besides, that he loses no occasion of launching out into descriptions, and is florid to a fault. He has likewise some reflections on the follies of men, so very much of a piece with what you meet with in the fifth book of Lucretius, that one would almost think them taken from thence. In general it may be said, they are both very noble poems, though that of Manilius is far from being finished, as it might have been, if the author had lived. What errors are to be found in the philosophy of the one, and the astronomy of the other, are owing, perhaps, as much to the age of the world at that time, as their own, and their beauties may, in some measure, atone for their faults.

Virgil's Georgics are in the same kind, though the subjects are of less dignity; and I don't know whether I might not likewise add Ovid, on the account of his Fasti, the most

correct of all his works: Grattus too, about the same time, wrote his *Cynegetics*, which are very justly esteemed.

Amongst the moderns, Fracastorius's *Syphilis*, Quillet's *Callipaedia*, and Vida's *Art of Poetry*, are the best poems of this sort; Rapin of *Gardens*, and Vanier's *Praedium Rusticum*, are not without their merit, but much inferior to the others. In our own language too we have some poems of this instructive kind: The *Essays on Poetry*, *Translated Verse*, and *Criticism*, are fine instances of the worth and excellency of this manner of writing, to which may be very truly applied what Dr. Young says of *Satyr*,

“ Heroes and gods make other poems fine,

“ Plain satyr calls for sense in ev'ry line.”

The strength of just observations, conveyed in smooth and flowing numbers, has a prevailing influence, insinuates itself into the mind almost imperceptibly, and makes a more lasting impression there than one would easily imagine. 'Tis true these subjects are purely critical, and so of less consequence to mankind in general; but yet, polishing the understanding, improving the judgment, and regulating the taste, are far from being things indifferent to the world, since they tend not a little to the shaming out of it that rusticity and barbarism, those fol-

lies and affectations, in one word, all that littleness of mind which is so effectual a bar in the way of generous and noble undertakings. But we have had of late an undeniable proof that the finest and most useful sort of philosophy, which consists in the knowledge of ourselves, may be conveyed in such clear, strong, easy, and affecting strains, at the same time convincing and captivating the understanding, that there remains no doubt but that poetry, in the hands of a great genius, may be made as beneficial as ever it has been entertaining to mankind. The latter effect is indeed what has been generally most aimed at, as it is compassed with less difficulty to the writer, and meets with a more universal reception amongst the common sort of readers. Imagery, fine colouring, and bright antitheses, often disguise the want of justness and force, and by pleasing the imagination, do, as it were, steal away from the judgment, or sometimes impose upon it, as shadows pass for substances with weak, distempered or fanciful men.

The *OS MAGNA SONATURUM* of Horace would make one almost think the muse must never appear without her buskins, and that all simplicity of expression were to be totally banished out of poetical writings. 'Tis true, the Epic Poem, the Ode, and the Tragedy very often re-

quire, and consequently justify the use of elevated language, as it may be more suitable to the greatness of the subjects, and better fitted to raise the several passions they are designed to work upon. But where the appeal lies only to the understanding, self-evident truths, naturally and beautifully expressed, can never fail of the approbation of a sound head and a good taste: And even Horace himself, as elevated and great a poet as he must be allowed in his Odes, appears to much more advantage in his Sermones and Epistles, where, as my Lord Roscommon observes on another occasion,

“Fancy labours less, but judgment more.”

Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill has met with universal applause, though its subject seems rather descriptive than instructing; but 'tis not the hill, the river, nor the stag chase; 'tis the good sense and the fine reflections so frequently interspersed, and as it were interwoven with the rest, that gives it the value, and will make it, as was said of true wit, everlasting like the sun.

The late Mr. Prior's Solomon seems to have cost him much time and pains, and was, I believe, his favourite performance: He is in some doubt whether to call it a Didascalical or Heroic poem. It has, indeed, something of both, and yet, strictly speaking, is perfectly neither: It

has not fable, machinery, nor variety enough to be an Heroic poem, and it is too diffusive and luxuriant in the style, too florid and full of descriptions to be of the Didascalical sort. In general, it may be justly said to be a very fine piece; though I must confess I cannot help giving the preference to his *Alma*, in which the design is more closely pursued, carried on with more spirit, and never loses your attention.

Upon the whole, what Mr. Dryden has said in the preface to his *Religio Laici*, is, I think, very true. “ The
“ expressions of a poem, designed purely for instruction,
“ ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic: for
“ here the poet is presumed to be a kind of law-giver,
“ and those three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and
“ figurative way, is for the passions; for love and hatred,
“ fear and anger are begotten in the soul by shewing their
“ objects out of their true proportion; either greater than
“ the life or less; but instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be
“ cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.”

The following short piece may be perhaps a little too pompously introduced by the foregoing observations; all I shall say for it is, I endeavoured to follow Mr. Dryden's

rules: how far I have succeeded, I can be no proper judge myself. But whatever may be said of the poetry, and about that I am very indifferent, the sentiments must surely be allowed to be just and good; and I am entirely of Mr. Prior's opinion: "I had rather be thought a good Englishman, (which is but another word for an honest man) than the best poet, or greatest scholar that ever wrote."

A N
E S S A Y
O N
H U M A N L I F E.

P LEASURE but cheats us with an empty name,
Still seems to vary, yet is still the same;
Amusement's all its utmost skill can boast,
By use it lessens, and in thought is lost.
The youth that riots, and the age that hoards,
Folly that sacrifices things to words;
Pride, wit, and beauty in one taste agree,
'Tis sensual, or 'tis mental luxury.
Sad state of nature, doom'd to fruitless pain,
Something to wish and want, but never gain:
Restless we live, and disappointed die,
Unhappy, though we know not how nor why.

Reason, perhaps, may lend her gen'rous aid;
Reason, which never yet her trust betray'd:

Let her direct us in the doubtful strife,
 Let her conduct us thro' the maze of life.
 Is human reason then from weakness free?
 Partakes she not of our infirmity?
 Can she apply, with never-failing art,
 The healing balm to the wounded part?
 Correct those errors, which the passions cause,
 And teach the will to follow wisdom's laws?
 Alas! experience but too plainly shews,
 That man can act against the truths he knows:
 By customs led, or by allurements won,
 Discern that evil which he cannot shun.
 Whate'er we do, the motive's much the same,
 'Tis impulse governs under reason's name;
 Each eagerly some fav'rite end pursues,
 And diff'rent tempers furnish diff'rent views.
 Is it for fear of wrong, or love of right,
 That statesmen labour, or that warriors fight?
 T' enrich his country, does the sailor brave
 The cruel pirate, and the threat'ning wave?
 In search of truth, unwearied sages try,
 By certain rules, to fix uncertainty?
 No! 'tis desire and hope that drive them on:
 Thus greatest things for meanest ends are done.

Self-love, howe'er disguis'd, misunderstood,
 Howe'er misplac'd, is still the sov'reign good:
 Virtue or wisdom but the vain pretence;
 These may direct, but passions influence.
 Presumptuous man! why boasts thou thy free-will,
 By constitution doom'd to good or ill?
 What feeble checks are all those studied rules,
 Unpractis'd lessons of the useless schools?
 Say, can thy art, oppos'd to nature's force,
 Obstruct her motions, or suspend her course?
 Go, change in Africa their fable hue,
 Or make our Europe bring her negroes too;
 Roll back the tides, forbid the streams to flow,
 Nor let this earth returning seasons know.
 Slave to thyself, whilst lord of all beside,
 Surmount thy weakness, or renounce thy pride.

That moving pow'r, which first produc'd the whole,
 To ev'ry thing has fix'd a certain goal:
 Thither all tend, and must their circles run,
 For such the order when the whole begun.
 To diff'rent creatures diff'rent ranks assign'd,
 Man claims the first, as of a nobler kind;
 How just that claim, what wisdom must decide?
 Reason is his alone, by which 'tis try'd:

Inferior creatures silently submit,

'Tis his to talk, and therefore to have wit.

Thus haughty Greece despis'd the world around,
And barb'rous, all she understood not, found.

Look o'er the wide creation, see how all
Its sev'ral parts obey the Maker's call:
The earth how fertile, and how rich the sea,
In various salts, for nature's chymistry;
Slow air digests what burning suns exhale,
And dews, and snows, and rains, by turns, prevail.
Beasts, birds, and reptiles, see them all conspire,
To act whate'er their sev'ral states require.
But wiser man disdains this meaner part,
Nature, with him, must still give way to art;
Vain of conceit, he boasts his fancy'd skill;
And, arbitrary, rules the world at will:
Now fierce and cruel, then as mild and kind,
Each action owing to each turn of mind;
One day a friend, the next as great a foe,
As humour, pique, caprice, or int'rests go;
Wisdom and folly thus, by turns, preside,
And chance alone inclines to either side.

Ask the bold freeman, or the coward slave,
What makes one abject, and the other brave?

What gives to fools their faith, to knaves their wiles,
To cynics frowns, and to flatt'ers smiles?
This one great truth must stand by all confest,
Some ruling passion lurks in ev'ry breast;
That weakness by a specious name they call,
For 'tis that weakness still which governs all.

Wisely the springs of action we conceal:
Thus fordidness is prudence; fury, zeal;
Ambition makes the public good her care,
And hypocrites the mask of faintship wear.

Inur'd to falsehood, we ourselves deceive;
Oft' what we wish, we fancy we believe;
We call that judgment which is only will,
And as we act, we learn to argue ill;
Like bigots, who their various creeds defend
By making reason still to system bend.

Customs or int'rests govern all mankind,
Some bias cleaves to the unguarded mind;
Thro' this, as in a false or flatt'ring glass,
Things seem to change their natures as they pass.
Objects the same in diff'rent lights appear,
And but the colours which we give them wear.
Error and fraud from this great source arise,
All fools are modish, and all knaves are wise.

Who does not boast some merit of his own,
 Tho' to himself perhaps 'tis only known?
 Each suits reward to his own fav'rite vice,
 Pride has its crowns, and lust its paradise:
 Bonze, priest, and dervise, all in this agree,
 That heaven must be pomp or luxury;
 Man, slave to sense, no higher bliss can know,
 Still measures things above by things below.
 Joys much the same, but differ in degree,
 As time enlarg'd becomes eternity.

How vain is all that science we pursue!
 Scorn'd by the many, useless to the few:
 Since short of truth our utmost labours end,
 Who knows but ign'rance is our greatest friend?
 The fruitless pains but shew the weakness more,
 And we, like misers, 'midst our wealth are poor.
 Much hoarded learning but like lumber lies,
 Or ends in guess-work and obscurities.

What tho' proud Greece her seven sages boast?
 The names alone remain, the race is lost.
 Satyrs, and Centaurs too, might live of old,
 (For so we are in ancient story told)
 But should we doubt in this our faithless age;
 Who can produce a Centaur or a sage?

Such mighty births were Nature's first essays,
The lusty offspring of her youthful days;
Our latter times can no such wonders shew,
But what were giants then, are pigmies now.

Of all the painful follies of mankind,
Still to be seeking what they ne'er must find,
Is sure the greatest, not unlike the toil
Of him who labours in a barren soil.
Beyond our state if our fond wishes tend,
Means must be vain where we mistake the end.
Pride whispers mighty projects in the ear,
Bids us be great, be wise, be happy here;
But sad experience shews the laws of fate,
And teaches us to know ourselves too late.

Error is a distemper of the mind,
Hard to be cur'd, because 'tis hard to find;
So mixt and blended with our very frame,
It lurks secure and borrows reason's name.
In diff'rent persons diff'rent ways it springs,
'Tis factiousness in subjects, pride in kings;
Boundless alike they in extremes agree,
These in oppression, those in anarchy;
Both aim at what 'twere ruin to obtain,
A civil phrenzy, or a tyrant reign.

The wise must into nature's secrets pry,
 The weak believe they know not what nor why;
 And we may equally deluded call,
 Who doubt of nothing, as who doubt of all.
 Profane or pious, bigotry's the same,
 The motives terror, avarice, or fame.
 Opinion is but int'rest in disguise,
 And right and wrong in strength of parties lies.

Some wou'd be happy, know nor want nor care,
 Others still find more evils than there are;
 Whilst truth unheeded in the midway lies,
 And all extremes are like absurdities.

Wrong turns of head are nature's greatest curse,
 Improving ev'ry day from bad to worse.
 In some odd light all objects still they view,
 Thus true with them is false, and false is true.
 In trifles solemn, diligent and wise,
 Important things as trifles they despise;
 Caressing enemies, their friends they shun,
 And doat on knaves, by whom they are undone.
 Deaf to advice, or taking wrong for right,
 They boldly blunder on in reason's spite;
 And under clearer light's obscure pretence
 Are the antipodes of common sense.

Wou'd you persuade a wretch intent on pelf,
 Tho' he starves others, not to starve himself;
 To fence, at least, his sapless trunk from cold,
 Nor seem as fond of tatters as of gold;
 No! he's too cunning for your sly design,
 You'd have him like yourself, be poor and fine;
 But he, in spite of envy, richer grows,
 And scorns the luxury of meat and cloaths.
 Ask the ambitious why he wastes his life
 In needless struggles and uncertain strife?
 Why not in peace enjoy what plenty gives?
 So the obscure, the weak, the lazy lives;
 Exalted spirits have a nobler aim,
 And know no happiness but toil and fame.

Well must it suit a selfish hollow heart,
 To act the honest patriot's gen'rous part;
 No tool of party, nor no slave of state,
 No mean dependent on the guilty great;
 Boldly he pleads for liberty and laws,
 Content to perish in his country's cause;
 When lo! a ray divine of favour gleams,
 Quite diff'rent topics then become his themes;
 Old friends, old notions are at once forgot,
 And shame and wages are the hireling's lot.

The little mind whose joy in mischief lies,
 Hates all mankind, but most the good and wise;
 Proud of his shame, he boasts his spiteful skill,
 And places all his worth in doing ill.
 But base-born fear oft' checks what rage devis'd,
 And leaves him disappointed and despis'd.

Endless the task to point the various ways,
 How each wrong head its diff'rent gifts displays;
 How poverty in boasts its wants would hide,
 And meanness shews itself in awkward pride;
 How knaves are cunning at their own expence,
 And coxcombs fancy forwardness is sense.
 Vain is th' attempt to be what Heav'n denies,
 As vain the art that weakness to disguise.
 Prudence alone can teach the useful skill,
 T' improve the good, and to correct the ill.
 True wisdom lies in practice more than rules,
 For what are maxims when apply'd to fools?
 Of wit and folly reason all you can,
 Who acts most wisely is the wisest man.

Each state of life has its peculiar view,
 Alike in each, there is a false and true:
 This point to fix is reason's use and end,
 On this success all other must depend;

But in this point no error can be small,
 To deviate e'er so little, ruins all.
 The mark once miss'd, however near you aim,
 Miss'd by an inch or furlong, 'tis the same:
 Who sets out wrong is more than half undone,
 Error has many ways, and truth but one.

Wrong estimates wrong conduct must produce,
 They lose the blessing that mistake its use:
 Who value wealth or pow'r but more or less,
 As that can riot, or as this oppresses;
 What say they else, but that they both are giv'n
 To execute the wrath of angry Heav'n.

Fools, ever vain, at some distinction aim,
 And fancy madness is the way to fame:
 No matter how the deathless name's acquir'd,
 By countries ravag'd, or a temple fir'd:
 Alike transmitted down to latter times,
 A Trajan's virtues, and a Nero's crimes.
 Means are indiff'rent to the ends obtain'd,
 Richard was guilty, but what then? he reign'd.
 Wou'd you be good and great, the hope is vain,
 The bus'ness is not to deserve, but gain:
 Fortune is fickle, and but short her stay,
 He comes too late that takes the farthest way.

Is this, O grandeur! then thy envy'd state,
 To raise men's wonder and provoke their hate?
 By crimes procur'd, and then in fear enjoy'd,
 By mobs applauded, and by mobs destroy'd.
 Say, mighty cunning, which deserve the prize,
 The courtier's promises or trader's lies?
 Some short-liv'd profit all the pains rewards
 Of bankrupt dealers, and of perjur'd lords.

Honest alike, you own, but wiser far,
 The knave upon the bench than at the bar.
 Where lies the difference? only in degree,
 And higher rank is greater infamy.
 Poor rogues in chains but dangle to the wind,
 Whilst rich ones live the terror of mankind.

Pomp, pow'r, and riches, all mere trifles are,
 When purchas'd by the loss of character:
 Chance may the wise betray, the brave defeat,
 But they correct, or are above their fate.
 Credit once lost can never be retriev'd,
 How few will trust the man who once deceiv'd?
 Craft, like the mole, works only under ground,
 Is lost in day-light, and destroy'd when found.

Notions mistaken, reasonings ill apply'd,
 And sophisms that conclude on either side;

Alike th' unwary, and the weak mislead,
 Who judge of men and things, as they succeed.
 Did rivals fall by Borgia's vile deceit,
 A Machiavel will call a Borgia great:
 The lucky cheat proclaims the villain wife,
 And fraud and murder are but policies.
 The same despair which made good Cato die,
 To Caesar gave his last great victory.
 Had right decided, and not fate, the cause,
 Rome had preserv'd her Cato, and her laws.
 Fortune sets off the bad, as tawdry drefs
 Shews but the more the wearer's homeliness.
 So mad Caligula's vain triumph tells,
 That all his conquests are but cockle shells.
 True merit shines in native splendor bright,
 Whilst false but glares awhile, and hurts the sight:
 As midnight vapours cast a glimm'ring blaze,
 And to the darkness owe their feeble rays.
 The wise Egyptians when their monarch dy'd,
 By truth's sure standard all his actions try'd.
 When no false lustre, wealth, or pow'r appears
 To bias judgment by its hopes or fears;
 Then conqu'ring chiefs, profuse of subjects blood,
 And lazy dotards, indolently good,

That trust their people to a fav'rite's care,
 Whose peaceful rapines cost them more than war,
 By injur'd thousands wrongs are doom'd to be
 Perpetual marks of scorn and infamy.

Fortune with fools, and wit with knaves you find;
 'Tis social virtue shews the noble mind.
 Above low wisdom, cunning's mean pretence,
 There is no counterfeiting excellence:
 The artful head may act the honest part,
 But all true honour rises from the heart.
 Faults are in all; but here the diff'rence lies,
 Clodius had vices, Tully vanities.

Which serv'd his country best, let story shew,
 A guilty Clodius, or good Cicero?
 Who loves mankind by social duty taught,
 Will never think their good too dearly bought.
 What tho' he sacrifice the vain desire
 Of some gay baubles which the world admire?
 Despising riches and abhorring pow'r,
 When blasted with the name of plunderer.
 Still he may taste life's greatest good, content,
 For who so happy as the innocent?

Jugurtha murder'd, brib'd, and fought his way
 From subject station to imperial sway;

But infecure 'midst all his guilty state,
The man was wretched, tho' the monarch great;
Like Cromwell daring in the doubtful fight,
But pale and trembling in the dead of night.

Passion is lawless, headstrong youth is mad,
But nature varies not in good and bad.
From the same causes same effects must flow,
Truth is but what it was an age ago:
Modes may be chang'd, but truths are stubborn things,
They court not fav'rites, nor will flatter kings.

Rome had her Caesar, and our Cromwell we,
Alike in fortune, pow'r, and infamy;
And shou'd new Caesars and new Cromwells rise,
They could but act the same dull tragedies:
Foes to mankind, themselves, and virtue's rules,
Whilst living heroes, and when dead but fools.

Fools, not to know the glory they pursue,
To honest bravery alone is due:
Not he who stretches his unjust command,
And rudely triumphs o'er his native land;
But he whose valour saves a sinking state,
In future annals shall be call'd the Great.

View well this world, and own the dear-bought truth,
That happiness is but the dream of youth:

State of perfection, not for man design'd,
 Howe'er the fond idea fills his mind;
 Itself an evil, whilst to good it tends,
 But in a round of disappointments ends.
 Man's state in life's uncertain, mixt at best,
 Conduct some little does, but fate the rest:
 Fantastic fate! to merit ever blind,
 Whilst lavish to the worst of all mankind.

Judge then by outward things, you're sure to err,
 And inward lie remote, few look so far.
 Appearances still guide, and still deceive,
 For giddy crowds must wonder and believe.

Who sees gay Codrus loll in gilt machine,
 Grand his attendance, and self-pleas'd his mien:
 Can he imagine all these trappings hide
 A wretch made up of folly, guilt, and pride?
 Greedy to get, as he's profuse to spend,
 Stiff when attended, servile to attend;
 Good but by accident, by habit bad,
 In reas'ning specious, and in acting mad.

Princes we blame for benefits misplac'd,
 Some ill man rais'd, perhaps some good disgrac'd:
 Cruel their lot! whom numbers join to blind!
 How hard, 'midst labyrinths, the way to find!

For fortune's sons we see, without surprize,
Thrive by mismanagements, by blunders rise:
Events, like atoms, jumbling in a dance,
Create these wonders, like a world, by chance.

Search time's records, compare the old and new,
Set distant ages in one point of view;
Still the same prospects, under diff'rent dates,
All dark decrees of over-ruling fates:
Madness succeeds, where cautious wisdom fails,
And story's self more strange than fairy's tales:
Reason but seeks the hidden clue in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in th' entangled scene.

Where then the wonder, if succeeding times
Still vary only in the kinds of crimes?
Ages of iron, silver, gold, or lead,
What are they but the emblems of the dead?
The same low ends, by diff'rent means obtain'd,
As fury, avarice, or folly reign'd.

In vain grave moralists, with specious skill,
Nicely distinguish actions, good and ill.
The world is led by much more easy rules,
Success determines who are wise or fools.
Causes lie hid, but their effects appear,
Few men can judge, but all can see and hear.

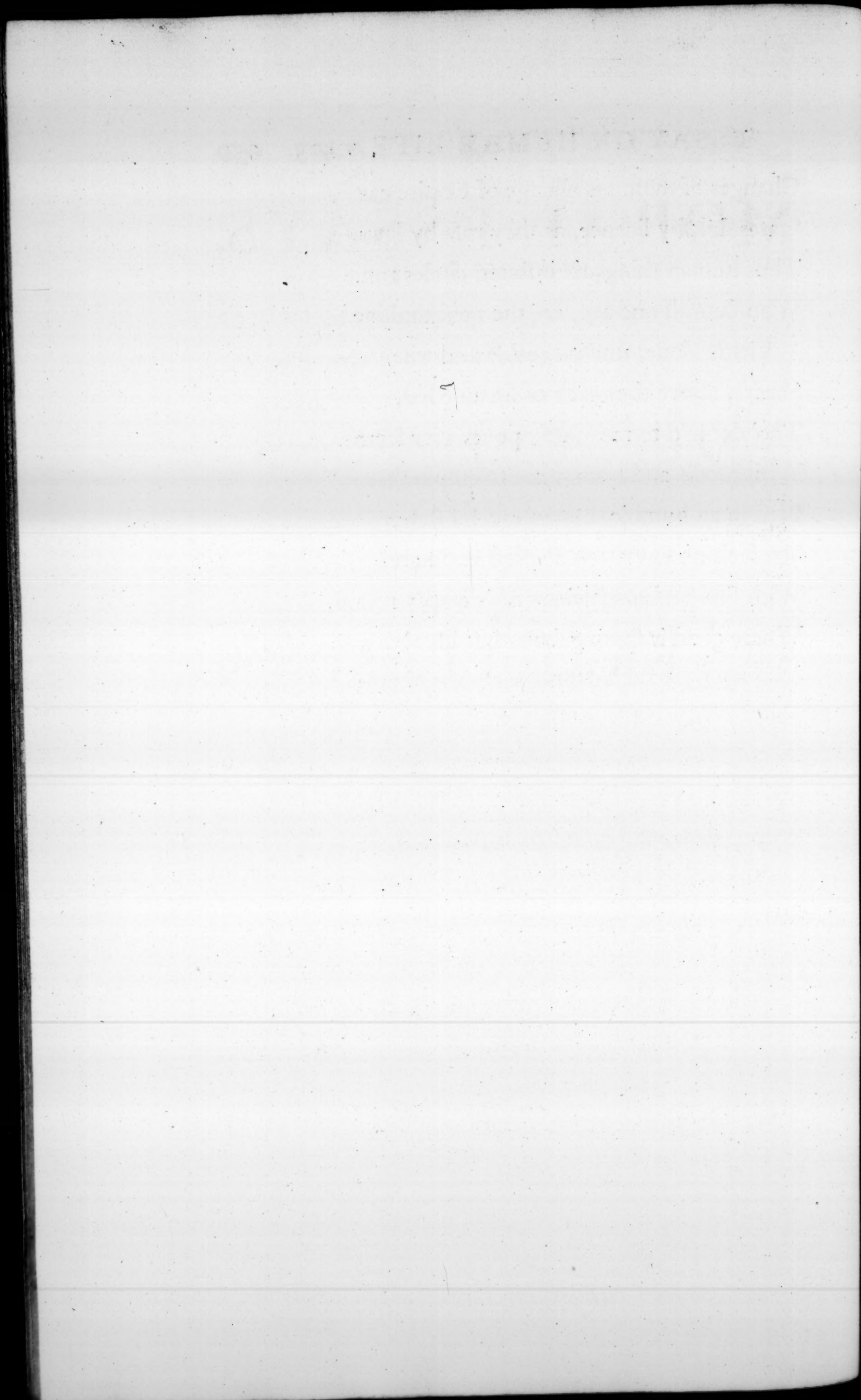
Each age must truckle to the reigning modes,
 And worship devils, when they've made them gods;
 Call rapine industry, distraction sense,
 And stupid squandering, magnificence:
 No folly, crime, or whim too wild to be
 Admir'd, when drest in fashion's livery.

See the same notions variously receiv'd,
 Legends, impostures, ev'ry thing believ'd;
 See priests and tyrants full obedience find,
 And sacred gibberish enslave mankind.
 View next, with wonder, an extreme as odd,
 Who knelt to carv'd work, now denies a God.
 Wretches from chains and bondage just set free,
 Presumptuous! know no bounds of liberty.
 Wicked or pious, in a frantic way,
 Mad, they blaspheme, or superstitious, pray.

By chance we live and act, now right, now wrong,
 Both in excess, and therefore neither long:
 Virtues too rigid, soften by degrees,
 Refine themselves at first to policies:
 When once declining, swiftly downwards tend,
 And then in guilt and prostitutions end.
 Follies, tho' opposite, yet still combine,
 And jointly carry on Heav'n's great design.

Changes of manners change of empire cause,
States sink by licence, as they rose by laws.
Thus human things their stated circles run,
Who flourish one age, are the next undone.

Virtue alone, unchangeable and wise,
Secure, above the reach of fortune lies,
Tho' doom'd to meanness, poverty or scorn;
Whilst fools and tyrants are to empire born:
Blest in an humble, but a peaceful state,
She feels no envy, and she fears no hate;
With Stoic calmness views life's empty round,
Where good is sparing sown, but ills abound.



MORAL ESSAYS,

I N

FOUR EPISTLES,

T O

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.

HOR.

MORAL ESSAYS

OF

THE

ART

OF

THE

ART

OF

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

T O

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

A R G U M E N T.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ver. 158 to 174. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

E P I S T L E I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human-kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;

Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown;
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft' in the passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.

As the last image of that troubled heap,
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
 (Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
 Something as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;
 Others so very close, they're hid from none;
 (So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
 Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
 And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
 At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
 When universal homage Umbra pays,
 All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
 When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find;
 Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
 The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
 And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:

Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wife;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save just at dinner---then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a faint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe fav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in picquette,
New-Market fame, and judgment at a bett.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden faint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit?

Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and shew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions shew the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:

Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The few that glare each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Caesar would retreat?
Caesar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Caesar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action conduct, one heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A faint in crape is twice a faint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still;
A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
 Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
 In life's low vale, the foil the virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays
 Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
 And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
 Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
 A Quaker? fly: A Presbyterian? sow'r:
 A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increaseth, and the world goes well:
 Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?

Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by Nature? habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too:

Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
 Enough if all around him but admire,
 And now the punk applaud, and now the frier.
 Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
 And most contemptible to shun contempt;
 His passion still to covet gen'ral praise,
 His life to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant bounty which no friend has made;
 An angel tongue which no man can persuade;
 A fool with more of wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
 A rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known no prodigies remain;
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
 If second qualities for first they take.

When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
 When Caesar made a noble dame a whore;
 In this the lust, in that the avarice
 Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
 That very Caesar, born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
 As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
 As sober Laneb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son that passes by unblest'd:

Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he fees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.

"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!

"Is there no hope?---Alas!---then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a faint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace

"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead---

"And---Betty---give this cheek a little red."

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human-kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If---where I'm going---I could serve you, Sir?"

"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir?---" My money, Sir, what, all?
"Why---if I must---(then wept) I give it Paul."

The manor, Sir?---“ The manor! hold, he cry’d,

“ Not that---I cannot part with that”---and dy’d.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath

Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:

Such in those moments as in all the past,

“ Oh, save my country, Heav’n!” shall be your last.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO

A LADY.

A R G U M E N T.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

THAT the particular characters of Women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves, ver. 1, &c. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as, I. in the affected, ver. 21, &c. II. In the soft-natured, ver. 29, and 37. III. In the cunning and artful, ver. 45. IV. In the whimsical, ver. 53. V. In the lewd and vicious, ver. 69. VI. In the witty and refined, ver. 87. VII. In the stupid and simple, ver. 101. The former part having shewn that the particular characters of Women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform, ver. 207. This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity, ver. 211. What are the aims and the fate of this sex:—I. As to power, ver. 219. II. As to pleasure, ver. 231. Advice for their true interest, ver, 249. The picture of an estimable Woman with the best kind of contrarieties, ver. 269.

E P I S T L E II.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,

“ Most women have no characters at all:”

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,

And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,

All how unlike each other, all how true!

Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,

Is there, Pastora by a fountain side:

Here Fannia leering on her own good man,

And there a naked Leda with a swan.

Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,

In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,

Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,

With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;

Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,

If folly grow romantic I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!

Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;

Chuse a firm cloud before it fall, and in it

Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
 With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
 So morning insects; that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! you tip the wink;
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose,
 All eyes may see---a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
 Sighs for the shades---"How charming is a park!"
 A park is purchas'd, but the fair he fees
 All bath'd in tears---"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies like variegated tulips show;
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe:
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy spots the nice admirer take.

'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
 Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
 Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
 Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wife;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash would hardly stew a child;
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
 And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
 And made a widow happy for a whim.
 Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns,
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state, majestically drunk;
 Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
 Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
 What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
 Such this day's doctrine---in another fit
 She sins with poets thro' pure love of wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Caesar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
 As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
 The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste,
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat;
 So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy---stoops at once,
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.

Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
 Wife wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking to have common thought:
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate;
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
 Or her that owns her faults but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends:
 Or her whose life the church and scandal share,
 For ever in a passion or a pray'r:
 Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no such place!"
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
 The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!

Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
 Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
 Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules:
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade;
 The wisest fool much time has ever made:
 From loveless youth to unrespected age,
 No passion gratify'd, except her rage:
 So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her provokes revenge from hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
 Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
 Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
 Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
 But an inferior not dependent? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live;
 But die, and she'll adore you---then the bust
 And temple rise---then fall again to dust.

Last night her lord was all that's good and great;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of foll'wers! without one distress
 Sick of herself thro' very selfishness!
 Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
 To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
 Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam! to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke, alone can hit them right:
 For how should equal colours do the knack?
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

" Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."---
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
 " With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
 " Say, what can Chloe want?"---she wants a heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
 But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
 Forbid it, Heav'n, a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel---but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.
 Chloe is prudent---Would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heav'n has varnish'd out and made a queen:
 The same for ever! and describ'd by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
 And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well---but, artists! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.

That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of Nature it conceals:
 Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If Queenberry to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
 To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
 Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
 A woman's seen in private life alone:
 Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
 There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
 Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
 That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
 In women two almost divide the kind;
 Those only fix'd they first or last obey,
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?

Experience this, by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take;
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
Men some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;

Afham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more:
 As hags hold fabbaths, lefs for joy than fpiht,
 So thefe their merry, miferable night;
 Still round and round the ghofts of beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
 Fair to no purpofe, artful to no end,
 Young without lovers, old without a friend;
 A fop their paffion, but their prize a fot,
 Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain defign;
 To raife the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
 That charm fhall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
 Flaunts, and goes down an unregarded thing:
 So when the fun's broad beam has tir'd the fight,
 All mild afcends the moon's more fober light,
 Serene in virgin modefty ſhe ſhines,
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! bleſt with temper, whoſe unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day;
 She who can love a fiſter's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
 Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself tho' china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still.
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
 Picks from each sex to make the fav'rite blest,
 Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
 Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
 Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
 Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
 Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new,
 Shakes all together, and produces---you.

Be this a woman's fame: with this unblest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
 This Phoebus promis'd (I forget the year)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;

Ascendant Phoebus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous god who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave ſenſe, good-humour, and a poet.

MORAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Abraham Lincoln, our nation's greatest leader

And gave you liberty, but denied it to the slave

That buys you a name as a great one

The good who are good who are good

And give you a name as a great one

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MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

A R G U M E N T.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, ver. 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute phrenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The Man of Rofs, ver. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

E P I S T L E I I I .

P. **W**H O shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its fire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide agen.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last;
Both fairly owning Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What nature wants commodious gold bestows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend:

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;

A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow:
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent fells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumber'd villainy!
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
 What could they more than knights and 'squires confound,
 Or water all the quorum ten miles round?

A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!

" Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
 " Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
 " A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
 Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
 His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head:

To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
 Fair courfers, vases, and alluring dames.
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
 Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? B. Say? Why, take it, gold and all.

P. What Riches give us let us then enquire:
 Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
 Is this too little? would you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
 What can they give? To dying Hopkins heirs?
 To Chartres vigour? Japhet nose and ears?
 Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
 Or heal, old Narces, thy obscurer ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaster'd at thy tail?
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;

Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
 But thousands die, without or this or that,
 Die, and endow a college or a cat.
 To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate
 T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part:
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
 That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
 "God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
 "The wretch he starves"---and piously denies:
 But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,
 Admits and leaves them Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
 Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
 The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own,
 Must act on motives pow'rful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
 Some revelation hid from you and me.
 Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
 He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made Directors cheat in South-sea year?

To live on ven'son when it fold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?

Phryne foresees a general excise.

Why she and Sappho rais'd that monstrous sum?

Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife Peter sees the world's respect for gold,

And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:

Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,

And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,

To just three millions stinted modest Gage.

But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,

Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.

Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,

And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?

A wizard told him in these words our fate:

" At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood,

" (So long by watchful ministers withstood)

" Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on,

" Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;

" Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,

" Peerefs and butler share alike the box,

" And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
 " And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.
 " See Britain funk in Lucre's sordid charms,
 " And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!"
 'Twas no court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
 Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
 Senates degen'rate, patriots diſagree,
 And nobly wiſhing party-rage to ceaſe,
 To buy both ſides, and give thy country peace.

" All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
 But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
 " The ruling paſſion, be it what it will,
 " The ruling paſſion conquers reaſon ſtill."
 Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
 Than ev'n that paſſion, if it has no aim;
 For tho' ſuch motives Folly you may call,
 The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each paſſion ſends,
 " And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
 " Extremes in Nature equal good produce;
 " Extremes in man concur to gen'ral uſe."
 Aſk we what makes one keep and one beſtow?
 That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,

Bids feed-time, harvest, equal course maintain
 Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
 Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
 And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
 This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
 The next a fountain spouting thro' his heir,
 In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
 What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
 His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot?
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
 With soups unbought, and fallads, blest'd his board?
 If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
 Than Bramins, faints, and fages did before;
 To cram the rich was prodigal expence,
 And who would take the poor from Providence?
 Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall;

No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor found,
 No noon-tide bell invites the country round;
 Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
 And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;
 Benighted wanderers the forest o'er,
 Curse the fav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
 While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
 But what to follow is a task indeed!)

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious 'squire and deep divine!
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
 His oxen perish in his country's cause;
 'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
 And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
 The woods recede around the naked feat,
 The Sylvans groan---no matter---for the fleet:
 Next goes his wool---to clothe our valiant bands;
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.

To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope:
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value Riches, with the art
 To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
 To balance fortune by a just expence,
 Join with oeconomy magnificence;
 With splendor charity, with plenty health;
 Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty giv'n,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
 As poison heals in just proportion us'd:
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
 But well-dispers'd is incense to the skies,

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
 Is there a lord who knows a chearful noon
 Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
 Whose table wit or modest merit share,
 Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
 Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where'er he shines, oh Fortune! gild the scene,
 And angels guard him in the golden mean!
 There English bounty yet a while may stand,
 And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing The Man of Ross:
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon' mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose feats the weary traveller repose?

Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Rofs," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Rofs divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon' alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the Man of Rofs relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possesst---five hundred pounds a-year.
 Blush, Grandeur! blush; proud Courts! withdraw your blaze;
 Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name:
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
 Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living fav'd a candle's end:
 Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
 Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
 That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
 Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
 And see what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villiers lies---alas! how chang'd from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;

Or just as gay at council, in a ring
 Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king:
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
 No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
 As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?"
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler! was confess'd;
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
 For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
 A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd;
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What! ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!

Cutler and Brutus dying both exclaim,
 " Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
 Or are they both in this their own reward?
 A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
 But you are tir'd---I'll tell a tale---B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
 Like a tall bully lifts the head and lies,
 There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day male affords,
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
 Constant at church and 'Change; his gains were sure;
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqu'd such faintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
 And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes.
 "Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
 And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
 An honest factor stole a gem away;
 He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
 So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
 "I'll now give fixpence where I gave a groat;
 "Where once I went to church I'll now go twice---
 "And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
 Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
 'Till all the daemon makes his full descent
 In one abundant show'r of Cent. per Cent.
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit,
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
 What late he call'd a blessing now was wit,
 And God's good providence a lucky hit.
 Things change their titles as our manners turn;
 His compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn:

Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his family and wife.
 There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
 My good old lady catch'd a cold and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our Knight;
 He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
 Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)
 The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
 First, for his son a gay commission buys,
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
 His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
 She bears a coronet and p---x for life.
 In Britain's senate he a feat obtains,
 And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
 My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
 He must repair it; takes a bribe from France:
 The House impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
 The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
 The devil and the king divide the prize,
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

MORAU 1883

2. John at church (a high table)

3. John at church (a high table)

4. John at church (a high table)

5. John at church (a high table)

6. John at church (a high table)

MORAU 1883

7. John at church (a high table)

8. John at church (a high table)

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24. John at church (a high table)

25. John at church (a high table)

26. John at church (a high table)

27. John at church (a high table)

28. John at church (a high table)

29. John at church (a high table)

30. John at church (a high table)

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A R G U M E N T.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

THE vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 97. and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the First Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of great men, ver. 177, &c. and, finally, the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191, to the end.

E P I S T L E IV.

'T IS strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs,
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some daemon whisper'd, " Visto! have a taste."
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive Fate, to punish aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:

A standing sermon at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use;
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating-fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That lac'd with bits of rustic makes a front:
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft' have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste---'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the sev'n;

A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all let Nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th'intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;

Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at---perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er---
Enjoy them you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!

His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
 With all the mournful family of yews;
 The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "What fums are thrown away!"
 So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
 Soft and agreeable come never there.
 Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
 To compass this, his building is a town,
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
 Who but must laugh the master when he sees,
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
 The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
 Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
 His gardens next your admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look behold the wall!
 No pleasing intricacies intervene,
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
 With here a fountain never to be play'd,
 And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
 Here Amphitrite fails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
 There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
 But soft---by regular approach---not yet---
 First thro' the length of yon' hot terrace sweat;
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
 Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
 His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
 In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
 To all their dated backs he turns you round;
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound!
 Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
 Light quirks of music, broken and unev'n,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.
 On painted cielings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the faints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
 The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
 No, 'tis a temple and a hecatomb.
 A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread Doctor and his wand were there.
 Between each act the trembling falvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,

Treated, carefs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
 I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread
 The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies
 His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
 Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
 Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?
 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
 And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase;
 Whose chearful tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
 Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
 The milky heifer and deserving steed;
 Whose rising forests not for pride or show,
 But future buildings, future navies, grow;

Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till kings call forth th'ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:
These honours Peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You too proceed, make falling and your care,
That new wonders, and the old repair,
Jones and Philbrick to themselves restore,
And he who set Virtuous was before,
Still kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
(I found to accomplish what such hands designed)
His harbours open, public ways extend,
His temples worthy of the God he meant,
His the great arch the danger's head to turn,
The mole he posted back the running main,
Back to his towers their subject sea commands,
And still dominant over the Channel:
These honours Rome is happy to receive,

And the imperial crown, which she receives,
Is the reward of her great deeds,
Which she has done, and still she does,
Which she will do, and still she will.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

T O

M R. A D D I S O N.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

E P I S T L E V.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruin sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd; she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:

Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
 Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
 A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
 A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
 In one short view subjected to our eye,
 Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
 Th'inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
 And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine :
 Touch'd by thy hand again Rome's glories shine;
 Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
 Nor blush these studies thy regard engage;
 These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
 Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
 There warriors frowning in historic brass :
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's, looks agree;
 Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast ore another Pollio shine;
 With aspect open shall erect his head,
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 " Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear;

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“ Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,

“ Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;

“ Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,

“ And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.”

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere!

VIRG.

REPORTS

OF THE

NAVY

DEPARTMENT

OF THE

NAVY

DEPARTMENT

OF THE

NAVY

DEPARTMENT

OF THE

NAVY

DEPARTMENT

OF THE

NAVY

E P I T A P H S.

I.

O N

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd;
The scourge of pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd Satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd Courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
Bless'd Peer! his great forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

II.

O N

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO
KING WILLIAM III. WHO, HAVING RESIGNED HIS
PLACE, DIED IN HIS RETIREMENT AT EASTHAMSTED
IN BERKSHIRE, 1716.

A PLEASING form, a firm yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III.

O N T H E

HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT, AT
THE CHURCH OF STANTON-HARCOURT IN OXFORD-
SHIRE, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

O N

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNAE BRITANNIAE A SECRETIS

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIAE:

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,
IN WESTMINSTER-ABBAY.

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense:
No conquests she but o'er herself desir'd,
No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd,
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

VII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT
 DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY, ERECTED BY
 THEIR FATHER THE LORD DIGBY, IN THE CHURCH
 OF SHERBORNE IN DORSETSHIRE, 1727.

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
 Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great:
 Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind:
 Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine;
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give!

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER by Heav'n, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest, mind,
 Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
 Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
 O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
 For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
 Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED IN BERKS, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, Here lies an honest man;
 A poet blest beyond the poet's fate,
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;

Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

O N M R. G A Y,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBAY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms---Here lies Gay.

XII.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

WELL then! poor Gay lies under ground,
 So there's an end of honest Jack:
 So little justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

XIII.

INTENDED FOR.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBAY.

ISAACUS·NEWTONUS:

QUEM IMMORTALEM

TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, COELUM:

MORTALEM

HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
 God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.

XIV.

O N

DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

D I A L O G U E.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd---one pang, and then we part!
 May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart.
 Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
 Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
 Then mix this dust with thine----O spotless ghost!
 O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
 Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
 Yes---Save my country, Heav'n,
 ---He said, and dy'd.

XV.

O N

EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE,

1735.

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state,
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd;
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham,
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heav'n.

XVI.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMIN-
STER-ABBAY.

HEROES and kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

XVII.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this fill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say of the mortal within:
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

THE FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL

CHAPTER I

AND THERE WAS A CERTAIN MAN OF RAMATHAISON
WHOSE NAME WAS ELIJAH

AND HE HAD TWO SONS THE ELDER WAS NAMED
JESSE AND THE YOUNGER WAS NAMED
DAVID

AND JESSE WAS A MAN OF GREAT WEALTH
AND HE HAD A HERD OF SHEEP AND
CATTLE AND HE WAS A MAN OF
GREAT COURAGE AND HE WAS A
MAN OF GREAT FAITH

AND HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT
GODLYNESS AND HE WAS A
MAN OF GREAT WISDOM

AND HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT
POWER AND HE WAS A
MAN OF GREAT STRENGTH

AND HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT
VALOUR AND HE WAS A
MAN OF GREAT BRAVERY

AND HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT
COURAGE AND HE WAS A
MAN OF GREAT DETERMINATION

AND HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT
FAITH AND HE WAS A
MAN OF GREAT HOPE

N O T E S.

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Verse 7—10. Europa's rape, &c. Europa was the daughter of Agenor, king of Phoenicia; whom the poets feigned to have been carried away by Jupiter in the shape of a bull. The king, grieved for the loss of his daughter, sent his son Cadmus to find her out, with a command never to see his face if he failed to bring her along with him. He accordingly passed over into Greece, but Jupiter had carried Europa into Crete, and Cadmus, not daring to return without his sister, wandered about in the country. Some of his attendants being sent to draw water from a well, were killed by a monstrous serpent sacred to Mars. This monster was encountered and killed by Cadmus, who was then commanded to sow its teeth in the ground. On his doing so, a number of armed men sprung up, who immediately began to fight, till they were all killed except five. Cadmus founded the city of Thebes, the capital of Boeotia.

12. *Amphion sung.* The son of Jupiter and Antiope. Mercury presented him with a lute, on which he played so well, that the stones, moved with his music, came together, and formed the city of Thebes.

13. *Juno's hate to Thebes.* Bacchus, the son of Jupiter by Semele, was worshipped in Thebes; on which account this city was no favourite with Juno. She revenged herself by means of the fury Tisiphone, who, at her command, drove the king mad, and caused him destroy his own child.

57. *Dirce's fountain.* Dirce was the wife of Lycus, king of Thebes, afterwards changed into a fountain not far from the city.

61. *What hero Clio.* The first of the nine Muses, mistress of history, and patroness of heroic poets.

62. *The prophet's fate.* Amphiaraus, destroyed before Thebes, according to his own prediction.

64. *Hippomedon repell'd, &c.* One of the seven captains who came against Thebes, drowned in the river Ilmenus.

65. *The youth with ev'ry grace.* Parthenopaeus, the son of Meleager and Atalanta.

67, 68. *Then to fierce Capaneus, &c.* Another of the seven captains, the inventor of scaling ladders. His brains were dashed out by stones thrown from the wall.

89. *If leaving Polybus.* The king of Corinth, who brought him up.

90. *Cyrrha's temple.* A town in Phocis, at the foot of mount Parnassus.

93. *If I the sphinx's riddles, &c.* The sphinx was a monster which infested the neighbourhood of Thebes. It had the face of a woman, the body of a dog, the paws of a lion, and was furnished with wings. It put forth a riddle, devouring all those who

could not expound it. At last the king issued a proclamation, by which he promised his sister Jocasta, with the right of succession, to the person who expounded the riddle, and thus Oedipus, who expounded the riddle, was unwarily induced to marry his mother, which proved the source of his misfortunes. The sphinx was so grieved at the exposition of the riddle, that she threw herself over a rock, and was killed.

Verse 124. *On Cocytus' brink.* One of the rivers in hell.

134. *Tenarus.* A promontory of Peloponnesus.

140. *Malea's airy height.* A promontory of Laconia very dangerous to sailors.

147. *Phoebe's bloody circle.* Phoebe is a name for the moon, as sister to Phoebus the sun.

161. *Vast Cithaeron's top.* A high mountain in Boeotia, consecrated to Apollo and the muses.

165. *Oete, with high Parnassus.* The former, now Banina, an hill in Thessaly, where Hercules burned himself. Parnassus, the residence of the muses, was situated in Phocis.

166. *Eurota's banks.* A famous river in Laconia, running close by Sparta.

167, 168. *Leucothoë—Palaemon.* Ino and Melicertes her son. She was wife to Athamas king of Thebes, who had been driven mad by Tisiphone, one of the furies, at the command of Juno. (See note on v. 13.) Athamas, in his fury, destroyed his other child Learchus, upon which his wife fled, with her son Melicertes in her arms, to the top of a rock, from whence she threw herself down, with him, and both became sea-deities; her name being changed from Ino into Leucothoë, and his from Melicertes to Palaemon. The poet here alludes to the fright into which they were both thrown by the fury at that time.

173. *Gentilisque animos subit furor,* seems a better reading than *Gentilesque.* P.

273. *Boreas—Eurus.* The north and east winds.

281. *Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,* is the common reading; I believe it should be *nutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*. P.

306. *Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop.* The Cyclops, sons of Neptune and Amphitrite, assisted Vulcan in forging Jupiter's thunderbolts.

307. *Th' Aeolian forge.* The Aeolian isles were said to belong to Vulcan, and to contain his work shop. They were seven in number, lying between Italy and Sicily.

308—311. *Phoebus' steeds to stray.* Alluding to the story of Phaeton.

318. *From godlike Perseus.* The son of Jupiter and Danae; famous for his exploits, particularly in killing Medusa, and rescuing Andromeda from a sea-monster.

345. *Tantalus.* The son of Jupiter and Plota. For killing and dressing his son Pelops with a view to make trial of the knowledge of the deities whom he had invited to an entertainment, he was set in water up to the chin, with fruit swimming on the top; both of which always fled as soon as he attempted to touch them. He was the grandfather of Agamemnon and Menelaus.

350. *Phoroneus.* The son of Inachus, founder of the city of Argos.

357, 358. *Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed, &c.* Ino one of Jupiter's mistresses turned into a cow by Juno, and committed to the care of Argus with an hundred

eyes, fifty of which slept alternately. Mercury, by the command of Jupiter, laid them all asleep, and then cut off his head.

Verse 356. *The brazen tower.* Referring to the story of Jupiter and Danae.

360, &c. *But Thebes, where shining, &c.* When Jupiter embraced Semele, she had been persuaded to ask him to come to her in all the glory with which he was wont to approach Juno. Her lover told her the consequence, but she continued obstinate; so that, having sworn by Styx, he reluctantly complied. Semele, unable to bear the celestial radiance, was consumed to ashes, but Bacchus was preserved in embryo.

368. *Go raise my Samos.* Samos is an island in the Icarian sea where Juno was worshipped. Mycenae was a city lying between Corinth and Argos.

373. *But to your Isis.* Io the mistress of Jupiter, after being released from her transformation into a cow, became an Egyptian deity, under the name of Isis.

383. *Where first Alpheus hides.* A river of Arcadia, which buries itself in the ground, and is supposed to rise again in Sicily, without mixing with the waters of the ocean.

389. *Of fierce Oenomaus.* A king of Elis and Pisa, who had very swift horses, whom he fed with human flesh.

393. *Presumptuous Crete.* An island in the Aegean sea, where Jupiter is said to have been brought up and buried.

399. *Curse them with such sons as those.* Tydeus and Polynices.

407. *No less Dione.* A sea-nymph, the mother of Venus and Jupiter.

415. *Haste then, Cyllenius.* A name for Mercury, from Cyllene, a mountain in Arcadia, where he was begotten on Maia by Jupiter.

444. *Th' Aonian groves.* Aonia was the hilly part of Boeotia, where the muses were worshipped.

458. *Ancient Danaus.* A king of Argos.

460. *Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detect.* Atreus was king of Mycenae, and in revenge on his brother Thyestes, who had committed adultery with his wife, caused the children he had begotten on her to be dressed and served up to him at table, at the horror of which the sun went back.

465. *And Pentheus' blood.* The son of Echion and Agave, torn in pieces by his mother and sisters, because he contemned the rites of Bacchus.

469. *Where treach'rous Scylla.* The daughter of Nisus king of Megara, being in love with Minos, who was at war with her father, she cut off a purple coloured, or golden lock from the head of the latter, on which the fate of the kingdom depended; Nisus afterwards died of grief.

470. *Where Scyron's rock.* An infamous robber, who was wont to throw people down from the top of an high rock. He was slain by Theseus.

489. *Burst from th' Aeolian caves.* In these the winds were supposed to be confined, because, when the Aeolian islands were covered with mists and clouds, violent winds soon followed.

492. *Black Auster.* The south wind.

- Verse 500. *Tb' Inachian streams.* Rivers running through the territory of Argos; so called from Inachus the founder of the kingdom.
501. *Erasinus.* A river of Peloponnesus, which dives under ground.
502. *The foaming Lerna.* A lake near Argos, where Hercules killed the Hydra.
508. *The dark Lycaean groves.* These were in Arcadia, where Pan was worshipped.
530. *Larissa's height.* A city of Thessaly.
534. *Prosymna.* A city of Peloponnesus, where Juno was worshipped.
569. *Alcides.* Hercules, so named from his mother Alcmena.
570. *Nemea's dreadful spoils.* The skin of the Nemean lion, slain by Hercules.
571. *A boar—of Calydonian breed.* Calydon was the chief city of Aetolia. Its neighbourhood was infested by a boar of enormous size, which was slain by Meleager the king's son.
640. *Jove's tow'ring eagle bears—the Phrygian to the stars.* Ganymede, the son of Tros, king of Troy, snatched up by an eagle, and made cup-bearer to Jupiter, in room of Hebe.
664. *The Python slain.* A monstrous serpent killed by Apollo.
666. *Castalia's streams.* A fountain at the foot of Parnassus, sacred to the muses.
815. *The faithless Syrtes.* Two great quicksands on the coast of Africa, the greater 400, the lesser 190 miles in compass.
833. *Fair Delos float no more.* Formerly a floating island on the Aegean sea. The birth place of Apollo and Diana.
834. *Cynthus.* A mountain in Delos, on which Latona brought forth Apollo and Diana.
845. *Thy rage the Phrygian felt.* Marfyas, a Phrygian musician, slayed alive by Apollo for presuming to contend with him.
847. *Lewd Tityus' guilty flame.* A monstrous giant, who was slain for attempting to ravish Latona.
849. *And the dame who lost, &c.* Niobe, whose children were slain on account of her boasting that she was more fruitful than Latona. Apollo killed the males, and Diana the females.
858. *Tb' Achaemenes.* A general name for the kings of Persia.
859. *Or great Osiris.* The son of Jupiter and Niobe, who first taught the Egyptians the art of husbandry.
860. *In Pharian fields.* Pharos was a small island in the mouth of the Nile.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

W A L L E R.

On a fan, on which was painted the story of Cephalus and Procris.

Cephalus, the son of Deioneus, or, according to some, of Mercury, so entirely loved his wife Procris, that he slighted the advances of Aurora rather than violate his conjugal vow. On this she sent him home, in the disguise of a merchant, to try his wife's chastity; and Procris having consented to gratify his desires, he discovered himself, and she fled into the woods. However, they were afterwards reconciled, and Procris gave her

husband a dart that would never miss, and an hound, called Laelóps, with which he went a hunting. Procris being in her turn jealous, watched her husband, and hearing him, when weary, calling upon *Aura*, the air, to refresh him, she imagined it was *Aurora*; and stirred herself among the bushes; Cephalus, imagining that it was a wild beast, threw the dart at her, and killed her.

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

Verse 7, 8. *A wild—or garden.* The wild relates to the human passions, the garden to human reason.

12. *Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar.* Those who only follow the blind guidance of their passions, and those who throw away common sense and reason in their flights through the regions of metaphysics.

64. *Aegypt's god.* The Aegyptians worshipped Vulcan, or Fire, under the emblem of an ox. Hence the Israelites' transgression of the golden calf.

88. *A sparrow fall.* Matth. x. 29.

100. *Hears him in the wind.* The American Indians believe the air, or wind, to be the *Great Spirit*, where the Deity resides.

104—112. Referring to the belief of the Indians, that, after death, they shall be conveyed to a country where provisions of all kinds abound, and they shall continually feast with their companions.

156. *A Borgia or a Catiline.* Caesar Borgia, the son of Pope Alexander VI. supposed by some to have been the most wicked man that ever existed. Catiline is well known from his conspiracy against the liberties of Rome.

160. *Young Ammon.* Alexander the great, who called himself the son of Jupiter Ammon.

182. *Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force.* It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated. P.

212. *The lynx's beam.* The lynx is supposed to be the most quick sighted of all four footed animals, as the mole is the most dull in this respect.

213. *The headlong lions.* The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal. P.

215. *The life that fills the flood.* Fishes were formerly supposed to be totally destitute of hearing; but that is now found to be a mistake, and some anatomists have discovered and described their auditory organs.

222. *Half-rear'ning elephant.* The elephant is supposed to be the wisest of all the brute creation.

Verse 227. *And middle natures.* The gradations in nature are so close, that natural historians find it difficult to know whether some beings really belong to the class of vegetables or animals.

278. *The rapt seraph that adores and burns.* Alluding to the name *Seraphim*, signifying *Burners*.

294. *Whatever is, is right.* This meant not with regard to right or wrong between man and man, but with respect to the ways of God with the whole creation.

E P I S T L E II.

Verse 11, 12. *Alike in ignorance, &c.* The faculties of man are so limited, that we may make ourselves as ignorant by an immoderate use of reason, as by not using it.

20. *Go measure earth.* Alluding to the mathematicians sent by the king of France to measure a degree of longitude at the equator, and another in Lapland, that the true figure of the earth might thus be determined.

22. *Correct old Time.* Alluding to Sir Isaac Newton's Grecian chronology, founded on the difference between the reigns of kings and the generations of men; with the position of the solstitial and equinoctial colures at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

45. *Vanity or dress.* By *Vanity* is meant, that luxuriancy of thought and expression in which a writer indulges himself, to shew the fruitfulness of his fancy or invention. By *Dress* is to be understood, a lower degree of that practice in amplification of thought and ornamented expression to give force to what the writer would convey.

46. *Or learning's luxury.* The dressing up old opinions in such a manner as to make them appear new and fashionable, instead of examining into their truth. This is often for mere shew; in which case it is called *Luxury*; if merely to save labour, *Idleness*.

101. *In lazy apathy, &c.* The Stoics imagined, that it would be for the good of mankind to eradicate the passions; and therefore denied that pain was any real evil, and placed all virtue in contemplation.

151. *Ah! if she lend not arms.* The insufficiency of reason, without the direction of revelation, is here pointed at.

203. *This light.* A Platonic phrase for conscience.

280. *Beads and pray'r-books.* A satire on what is called in Popery the *Opus operatum*.

E P I S T L E III.

Verse 3. *Superfluous health.* Immoderate labour and study are the great impairers of health: Those, whose station sets them above both, must needs have an affluence of health, which not being used, but abused and ruined by luxury, the poet properly calls a superfluity.

4. *Impudence of wealth.* Because wealth pretends to be wisdom, wit, learning, honesty, and, in short, all the virtues in their turns.

- Verse 45. "*See all things for my use!*" On the contrary the wise man hath said, "The Lord
" hath made all things for himself." Prov. xvi. 4.
49. *Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole.* Alluding to that witty system of philosophy,
which made animals mere machines, insensible of pain or pleasure.
68. *Than favour'd man by touch aetherial slain.* Several of the ancients, and many of
the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons
and the particular favourites of heaven. P.
152. *Man walk'd with beast.* This is taken from an old tradition, quoted by Plato,
that, during the golden age and reign of Saturn, the primitive language then in
use was common to man and beast.
158. *Unbrib'd, unbloody, &c.* When superstition arrived at such an extreme height, as
to bribe the gods with human sacrifices, tyrants were obliged to bribe the priest
for a favourable answer.
173. *Learn from the birds.* It is a common practice among navigators, when thrown up-
on a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been
touched by the birds, and to venture on these without farther hesitation.
174. *Learn from the beasts.* Pliny gives several instances of animals discovering the me-
dicinal virtues of herbs by their own use of them.
177. *Learn of the little nautilus.* Oppian. Halieut. lib. i. describes this fish in the follow-
ing manner: "They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells,
" which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and
" extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail; the other two feet they
" employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean." P.
231. *Ere wit oblique.* An allusion to the effects of the prismatic glass on the rays of
light.
242. *Th' enormous faith.* Aristotle makes the distinction between a king and a tyrant to
lie in the former believing himself made for the people, while the latter supposes
that the people are made for him.

E P I S T L E IV.

- Verse 6. *O'er-look'd, seen double.* *O'er-look'd* by those who place happiness in any thing ex-
clusive of virtue; and *seen double* by those who admit any thing, besides virtue,
to have a share in procuring happiness.
- 21—26. These verses are an epitome of the doctrines of the ancient philosophers con-
cerning happiness.
99. *See Falkland dies.* Lucius Cary Viscount Falkland, a statesman and general under
Charles I. and likewise a poet. He was killed at the battle of Newberry in 1643.
100. *See godlike Turenne.* A celebrated French general, remarkable not only for his ex-
traordinary skill in the military art, but for his care of those whom he led to war.
This was so extraordinary, that his chief purpose, in taking upon him the com-
mand of armies, seemed to have been the preservation of mankind.
101. *See Sidney bleeds.* Algernon Sidney, a celebrated English patriot and political

writer, beheaded on a false charge of high treason in the reign of Charles II. His discourses on government are in high repute.

Verse 104. *Lamented Digby.* Sir Kenelm Digby, a celebrated English philosopher, and writer on natural and moral philosophy.

110. *Lent Heav'n a parent.* The author's mother, a person of great piety and charity, died in 1733, the year that this poem was finished.

123, 124. *Shall burning Aetna, &c.* Alluding to the fate of those two great naturalists Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Aetna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions.

130. *Chartres.* Francis Chartres, of whom afterwards.

148. *He whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day.* It is recorded of the Emperor Titus, that, if he had spent a day without doing some remarkably good action, he was wont to complain that he had lost a day.

281, 282. *Think how Bacon shin'd, &c.* The famous Viscount Bacon Lord Verulam, who laid down those principles on which Newton afterwards proceeded with so much applause. He was convicted of receiving bribes while presiding in the supreme court of equity, and severely fined.

284. *Cromwell.* Oliver Cromwell.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E I.

Verse 10. *Men may be read, as well as books, too much.* The poet here alludes to the celebrated maxims of M. de Rochefoucault; which are one continued satire on human nature.

56. *Peeps not from its hole.* Which shews that this grave person was content with his present situation; as finding but small satisfaction in what a famous poet reckons one of the great advantages of old age,

The foul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

Lets in new light from chinks that time has made. SCRIBL.

81. *Patritio.* Lord G——n.

87. *Montagne, or more sage Charron.* Charron was an admirer of Montagne, and borrowed many of his sentiments from him; but, as he moderated the extreme Pyrrhenism of his friend, he is here called *more sage Charron*.

89. *A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere.* Louis XI. of France, wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath. P.

90. *A godless regent tremble at a star.* Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. though he believed in no religion, was yet superstitious in judicial astrology.

91. *The throne a bigot kept.* Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for

religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and, trying to re-assume it, was imprisoned till his death. P.

Verse 93, 94. *Europe a woman, &c.* The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the above-mentioned King of Sardinia.

95. *Know, God and Nature, &c.* By *Nature* is here meant the moral laws, which Montagne and others have held to be founded more in custom and fashion than in nature.

107, 108. *The same adust complexion, &c.* Philip II. of Spain was of a very melancholic complexion, which he had from his father, Charles V. The health of the latter was frequently interrupted by bilious fevers. But what the poet principally hints at is, that the same disposition made both of them act contrary to the natural bent of their genius. Charles, who was an active man, retired into a convent while Philip, who seemed to be formed for retirement, was called forth into the exercise of military affairs.

131. *Why risque the world's great empire for a punk.* After the battle of Pharfalia, Caesar pursued his enemy to Alexandria, where, being infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, instead of pushing his advantages, and dispersing the relicks of the Pharfalian quarrel, having narrowly escaped the violence of an enraged people, he brought upon himself an unnecessary war, at a time his arms were most wanted elsewhere.

152. *The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar.* "The only glory of a tradesman (says Hobbes) is to grow excessively rich by the wisdom of buying and selling." A pursuit very wide of all vain-glory; so that if he be given to lying, it is certainly on a more substantial motive, and will therefore rather deserve the name, which this philosopher gives it, of wisdom; it being indeed the wisdom of this world, by which all things in it are governed. SCRIBL.

164, 165. *Some god, or spirit, &c.* Disasters the most unlooked-for, as they were what the Free-thinker's speculations and practice were principally directed to avoid.—The poet here alludes to the ancient classical opinion, that the sudden vision of a god was supposed to strike the irreverend observer speechless. He has only a little extended the conceit, and supposed, that the terrors of a court-god might have the like effect on a very devoted worshipper. SCRIBL.

174. *The ruling passion.* See Essay on Man, Epist. ii. v. 133. and seq.

179. *Wharton.* Philip Duke of Wharton, a man of some parts, but of a most whimsical, extravagant, and inconsistent turn of mind.

187. *Wilmot.* John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles II. P.

202. *The wife his heart approves.* He married a daughter of Major-General Holmes.

209. *Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.* As the apparent irregularity of the motions of the comets are explained by the violence of their projectile force, so the extravagant behaviour of Wharton is here deduced from the violence of his ruling passion.

Verse 213. *Caesar made a noble dame a whore.* Servilia, the sister of Cato, and mother of Brutus.

218. *Lucullus.* A Roman general, who imported from Asia the greatest luxuries, unknown before in the Roman empire.

231. *Sober Laneſb'row dancing.* An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by dancing. P.

247. *The last words that poor Narcissa spake.* This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath. P. (Mrs. Oldfield, a celebrated actress, is the person thought to be alluded to above.)

262. *Brave Cobham.* Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham.

E P I S T L E II.

Verse 7—16. *Arcadia's Countess—Pastora by a fountain—Leda with a swan—Magdalen—Cecilia—* Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all.—The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that, whereas in the Characters of Men he has sometimes made use of real names, in the Characters of Women always fictitious. P.

20. *Catch, ere she change, &c.* Alluding to the precept of Fresnoy,
Formae veneres captando fugaces.

21—100. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent: As, I. In the *affected*, v. 21, &c. II. Contrarieties in the *soft-natured*, v. 29, and 37. III. In the *cunning and artful*, v. 45. IV. In the *whimsical*, v. 53. V. In the *lewd and vicious*, v. 69. VI. Contrarieties in the *witty and refined*, v. 87—100. P.

198. *Honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.* Mahomet, servant to the late king (George I.) said to be the son of a Turkish Bashaw, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person. P.—Dr. Stephen Hale, not more eminent for his discoveries in natural philosophy, than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity.

206. *That each may seem a virtue or a vice.* For women are taught virtue so artificially, and vice so naturally, that, in the nice exercise of them, they may be easily mistaken for one another. SCRIBL.

207. The former part having shewn, that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform. P.

Verse 211. *That, Nature gives, &c.* This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly their education, and in some degree by necessity. P.

219. What are the aims and the fate of this sex? I. *As to power*, v. 220. II. *As to pleasure*, v. 231. Advice for their true interest, v. 249. P.

E P I S T L E III.

Verse 3. *From Jove to Momus giv'n.* Momus was, by the ancient mythologists, said to be the son of Sleep and Night. He came to be at the head of the old Free-thinkers, and was considered as the god of mirth and wit.

20. *To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.* John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secret fifty thousand pounds of that director's estate, forfeited to the South-Sea Company by act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the worth of this gentleman, at the several aeras of his life, at his standing in the pillory he was worth above two hundred thousand pounds; at his commitment to prison he was worth one hundred and fifty thousand; but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a worse man by fifty or sixty thousand. P.

Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot;

HERE continueth to rot
 The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
 Who, with an inflexible constancy,
 and inimitable uniformity of life,
 Persisted,
 In spite of age and infirmities,
 In the practice of every human vice;
 Excepting prodigality and hypocrisy:
 His insatiable Avarice exempted him from the first,
 His matchless Impudence from the second.
 Nor was he more singular
 in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
 Than successful
 in *Accumulating* wealth,
 For, without trade or profession,
 Without trust of public money,
 And without bribe-worthy service,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A Ministerial Estate.
 He was the only person of his time,
 Who could cheat without the mask of honesty,
 Retain his primeval meanness
 When possess'd of ten thousand a-year,
 And having daily deserved the gibbet for what he *did*,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
 Oh indignant reader!
 Think not his life useless to mankind!
 Providence conniv'd at his execrable designs,
 To give to after-ages
 A conspicuous proof and example,
 Of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth
 in the sight of GOD,
 By his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.

This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a-year estate in land, and about one hundred thousand in money. P.

Mr. Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his worth may be known more certainly. P.

Verse 35—38. *Beneath the patriot's cloak.* This is a true story, which happened in the reign of King William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who, coming out at the back-

door from having been closetted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there. P.

Verse 42. *Fetch or carry kings.* In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy. P.

44. *Or ship off senators to some distant shore.* Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720. P.

62. *And Worldly crying coals from street to street.* Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them, taking the advantage of underfelling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a-year. P.

65. *Colepepper.* Sir William Colepepper, Bart. a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, past the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him. P.

82. *Turner.* One, who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both cloaths and all other expences. P.

84. *Unhappy Wharton.* A nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the first epistle. P.

85. *Hopkins.* A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vultur Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law. P.

86. *Japhet, nose and ears?* Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in

Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor. P.

Verse 96. *Die, and endow a college, or a cat.* A famous Duchess of R. in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats. P.

100. *Bond damns the poor.* This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the House, were expelled. By the report of the committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors, replied, *Damn the poor.* "That God hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned. P.

118. *To live on ven'son.* In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds. P.

120. *General excise.* Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation. P.

123. *Wife Peter.* Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him. P.

126. *Rome's great Didius.* A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax. P.

127. *The crown of Poland, &c.* The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above three hundred thousand pounds; the gentleman with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias. P.

133. *Much injur'd Blunt.* Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter, of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not cer-

tain, but it was constantly in this very stile he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against avarice in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732. P.

Verse 182. *With soups unbought.* —Dapibus menfas onerabat inemptis. VIRG. P.

203. *What slaughter'd hecatombs.* Our author represents this, as it truly was designed, a sacrifice to the church, to render it propitious, in a time of danger to the state. SCRIBL.

243. *Oxford's better part.* Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe. P.

250. *The Man of Rofs.* The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost, (partly by the title of the *Man of Rofs* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Rofs in Herefordshire. P.

281. *Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze, &c.* In this sublime apostrophe, they are not bid to blush because outstript in virtue, for no such contention is supposed: but for being outshined in their own proper pretensions to splendour and magnificence. SCRIBL.

287, 288. *Go search it there, &c.* In the parish register.

293. *Should'ring God's altar, &c.* Alluding to the flattery paid by the sculptor to the wretch stiled *Vultur Hopkins*.

296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.* The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on busto's, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere. P.

305. *Great Villers lies.* This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, after having been possessed of about 50,000l. a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery. P.

307. *Cliveden.* A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham. P.

308. *Shrewsbury.* The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page. P.

315. *Sage Cutler.* Sir J. Cutler, a man whose purse could serve no body but himself.

322. *Cutler—arise and tell me, &c.* This is to be understood as a solemn evocation of the shade of this illustrious knight, in the manner of the ancients; who used to call up their departed heroes by two things they principally loved and detested, as

the most potent of all charms. Hence this sage is conjured by the powerful mention of a full, and of an empty purse. SCRIBL.

Verse 339. *Where London's column.* The monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription, importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists. P.

340. *Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.* Though Scriblerus is not insensible to the humour of this line; yet his gravity makes him wish that the *City-monument* had been honoured with a comparison of more dignity. He thinks, particularly, it should rather have been compared to the *Court-champion*; as, like him, it only spoke the sense of the government; which, at that time, no man could have denied without the danger of a challenge, of jury, at least: "When," as a great writer observes, "a jealousy of Popery heated the minds of men to such a degree, that it seems almost wonderful the plague was not imputed to the Papists as pe-remptorily as the fire." Diff. upon Parties.

355. *Cornish.* The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people: nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities. P.

E P I S T L E IV.

Verse 7. *Topham.* A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings. P.

8. *For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins.* The author speaks here not as a philosopher or divine, but as connoisseur and antiquary; consequently the dirty attribute here assigned these gods of old renown, is not in disparagement of their worth, but in high commendation of their genuine pretensions. SCRIBL.

9. *Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone.* This not to be understood in the strictness of the letter, as if Mr. Tho. Hearne enjoyed these rarities without a partaker; for he has been often known to exemplify these precious relicks under the authority of the Clarendon Printing-house, where the good seed has sometimes produced forty or fifty fold. Hence, and from their still continuing as much rarities as ever, it may be reasonably concluded they were not the delight of Mr. T. Hearne alone. SCRIBL.

10. *And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.* Two eminent physicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity. P.

12. *Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.* By the author's manner of putting together these two different utensils of false magnificence, it appears, that, properly speaking, neither the wife nor the whore, is the real object of modern taste, but the finery only: and whoever wears it, whether the wife or the whore, it matters not; any further than that the latter is thought to deserve it best, as appears from her having most of it; and so indeed becomes, by accident, the more fashionable thing of the two. SCRIBL.

- Verse 18. *Ripley*. This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art; and, after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him comptroller of the Board of Works. P.
23. *You shew us Rome was glorious*. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the designs of Inigo Jones, and the antiquities of Rome by Palladio. P.
36. *Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door*. Pointing out the absurdity of building houses in a cold climate, after the model proper for those in the warmer climate of Italy.
46. *Jones and Le Nôtre*. Inigo Jones the celebrated architect, and M. Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens of France. P.
70. *Stow*. The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire. P.
74. *Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake*. An high compliment to the noble person on whom it is bestowed, as making him the substitute of good sense.— This office, in the original plan of the poem, was given to another man of taste; who not having the sense to see a compliment was intended him, convinced the poet it did not belong to him.
- 75, 76. *Or cut wide views, &c.* This was done in Hertfordshire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5,000l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods. P.
78. *Set Dr. Clarke*. Dr. S. Clarke's busto placed by the queen in the hermitage, while the Dr. duely frequented the court. P.
95. *One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views*. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a boundless green, large and naked as a field, or a flourish'd carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent. P.
96. *Mournful family of yews*. Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of ever-greens (particularly yews, which are the most tinsell'd) as to destroy the nobler forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession. P.
99. *At Timon's villa*. This description is intended to comprize the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it. P.
104. *All Brobdignag*. A region of giants, in the satires of Gulliver.
123. *Amphitrite*. The wife of Neptune, and goddess of the sea.
124. *There gladiators*. The two statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*. P.
130. *Thro' the length of yon' hot terrace sweat*. The approaches and communication of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged, and inconvenient. P.
133. *His study, &c.* The false taste in books; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it

so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do. P.

Verse 143. *Light quirks of music, &c.* The false taste in music, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organists, &c. P.

145. *On painted cielings you devoutly stare.* And in painting (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters. P.

146. *Where sprawl the saints, &c.* The fine image here given in a single word, admirably exposes the unnatural position of the picture, and the too natural postures of its female figures.

Ibid. *Verrio or Laguerre.* Verrio (Antonio) painted many cielings, &c. at Windfor, Hampton-court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places. P.

150. *Who never mentions hell to ears polite.* This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly." P.

153. *The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace.* Taxes the incongruity of ornaments (though sometimes practised by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c. are introduced in grottoes or buffets. P.

155. *Is this a dinner, &c.* The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment. P.

156. *A hecatomb.* Alluding to the hundred footsteps before.

160. *Sancho's dread doctor.* See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii. P.

169. *Tet hence the poor, &c.* The moral of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Epist. II. v. 230—7, and in the Epistle preceding this, v. 161. &c. P.

173. *Another age, &c.* Had the poet lived but three years longer, he had seen this prophecy fulfilled.

193. *Palladio.* An eminent Italian architect, of the 17th century.

194. *Vitruvius.* A famous Roman architect in the time of Augustus.

195, &c. *'Till kings—Bid harbours open.* This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land, (which is satirically alluded to in our author's Imitation of Horace, Lib. II. Sat 2.

Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall)

others were vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed,

even to the entrances of London itself: The proposal of building a bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an act for building a bridge passed through both Houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines,

Who builds a bridge, that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile. P.

E P I S T L E V.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of medals; it was sometime before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720. P.

- Verse 25. *A narrow orb.* A satire on the pompous title of *Orbis Romanus*, given by the Romans to their empire.
27. *The proud arch.* The triumphal arch, which was generally an enormous mass of building.
35. *Pale antiquaries pore.* Microscopes have been ridiculously applied by antiquaries to detect the cheats of counterfeit medals.
37. *This the blue varnish, that the green endears.* i. e. This a collector of silver; that of brass coins.
39. *Pescennius.* A medal of the Emperor, so called.
40. *Cecrops.* A coin of Cecrops, the first king of Athens.
41. *Poor Vadius.* See his history, and that of his shield, in the Memoirs of Scriblerus.
44. *Sighs for an Otho.* Sighs for a coin of Otho, one of the Roman Emperors.
63. *Then shall thy Craggs, &c.* Secretary Craggs.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.



